

LADY'S WESTERN MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL, 1849.

VOL. I.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.

No. 4.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA.

NUMBER II.

BY R. L. WILSON.

—THE Plains? What are they? To the young and buoyant spirit, freed from the world's care, bright and beautiful as the ideal Eden. Away they stretch, boundless as the sea, but there are no billows there! They are of the earth, *smoothed by the palm of Omnipotence*, and cushioned with the velvet of their Creator, green with the moss of ages, as the

"Moss covered bucket that hangs in the well."

Well. The horizon's verge covers the sight, far as the eye can reach, without the dot of a hillock or a tree, or even a gentle swell upon the bosom of the virgin earth to wave the line of the hemmed circumference, and we borrow now, a trifle from what we have before written.

There is no relief for the traveler's eye—it reddens in the scorching heat of the summer's sun, and his lips grow raw in a frequent endeavor to slake from the brackish water, which at intervals is found, an almost unquenchable thirst. Encircled by the vision's bound, is one vast "flat"—a level waste, with no green skirtings of timber or island grove, or rock or mound to break the dull monotony of the distance. Utter loneliness is on every side, amid this boundless contiguity of space—no living thing is there—beast, bird, or insect—and vegetable life but lingers, fading upon

its surface. Wiry grass, sparsely tufts the hardened lawn, and the bison, avoiding the desert, seeks the vicinity of the naked, unfringed streams whose meanderings are, and ever will be, permitted to pass on in that silence to the deep, which is broken only by the low bellow of the monarch of the plains, or the piercing yell of the untutored savage as he speeds the unerring shaft from his supple bow—waters creeping stealthily along, *as if tired of leaping from rock to rock* in the mountain cascade, to foam in the sun and please the eye, "but dreaming to flow," so near have they reached their level in their sluggish journey to the deep. Black clouds, swept hurriedly along by the hurricane's breath, shoot hail in profusion upon the lonely wanderer—when, the veil withdrawn, the sunbeam beats withering upon his hapless head and poor humanity there, with the curve below and the curve above, when one comes to look at it, and think of it, shrinks into its veriest insignificance, with but a mere foothold upon the earth beneath, *a simple subject to the crown above!*

When the roaming pilgrim, worn with toil, stretches himself upon his blanket, or under his tent, for a night's repose, and would gladly dream of happy home and the "friends he left behind him"—perchance a cherished love, bright as an angel's tear—sneaking wolves in scores, prowl

about his lonely bed, chaunting their wild serenade, until exhausted nature finds repose in fitful slumber. Then, perchance, comes the frightful scream, or the wild war-whoop of the red marauder, bent on plunder and seeking life.

The alarm follows—"Stampede!" is the war cry—here! "where?" there!—and the camp that laid sleeping upon the round even of our first mother's bed—the floating brain wandering afar off, to pick its pleasure and its profit from the breast of "Feather River," now whirled from its wild phantasm, wakes to a wilder reality. Gross darkness is upon the earth, save when lit for an instant by the sudden flash of a rifle, and the echo of its ring comes back in the twang of a bow string. Meanwhile all is confusion—hurry—yell, and louder still than all, the rattling whistle of the red skin. "Well, now!" It's hurrying times to keep mules from "breaking cover," under such circumstances, and putting for the plains, beyond your reach, before morning, followed in full chase by the triumphant disturber of your peace. But, joking aside, the word of the worthiest trapper—you will find straddle of a mule at Independence, will not only confirm what is here said, but add, that it is no unusual thing. Here, then, commences difficulty—but we will not pile it all up together—for the picture has two sides, and is susceptible of a brighter coloring. There are myriads of buffalo in sight. Then, "Hark forward! Tantivy! and Ho! for the chase!" Stand up upon your mule, or mount yourself upon the front of a wagon, if you please, with a telescope in hand, and make a survey. They are not in herds, and there are millions of them within the circle of its magnifying scope. Away down even along the edge of the sky, between heaven and earth, they hump themselves out of sight—and then, almost within rifle shot, a shaggy fronted old bull, stands at bay, shaking the sand and dust from his matted foretop, pawing the ground, and with a low, but deep bass bellow, the knight errant of his race bids seeming defiance to the audacious trespassers upon his pasturage. Crack!—aha! my old fellow! But no!—he turns again, and shakes his head as much as to say, "one Galena pill is no dose for me—come on with a whole lead mine!" Two or three shots follow, and if not struck about the brain, he fairly *plants* himself, his feet braced firmly upon his native soil, *to die*. You may walk within twenty feet of him, and near enough to see the blood spout from his sides and nostrils, and he will stare at you with an eye greener than jealousy,

glassy and vacant, as he slowly turns his head to the one side or the other, at the approach of his murderers in different directions. There are, at this stage of the game, two phases, and if you want to see fun, let some ambitious hunter hit him in the eye. *Presto!* look out for yourselves, boys! And now it is the experienced hunter's turn. With a bowie-knife, big enough for a cleaver, he stands erect, the animal having singled him out to come "down upon." It requires a little nerve to do it nicely, and he awaits his approach until there is that nice little distance between them which will clear the hunter from the horns, and then suddenly stepping aside, and just keeping out of the circle of a swing of the animal's head, "chuck!" comes down the knife upon the ham string, and the animal upon the plain. If, however, the animal that is wounded and standing as described, does not take it in his eye, or get it in his head, he stands sullen and firm, until weakened by the loss of blood, when he begins to rock backwards and forwards, and from side to side, and as he grows still weaker and weaker, his body gains a weaving, circling motion, over the axis of his rigid limbs, and finally pitches headlong, perfectly dead, full twelve hundred weight of buffalo beef. The first pitch is then for the tongue; and this, according to the etiquette of the plains, always belongs to the hunter who draws the first blood: the rest is the common property of the company—the fleece, hump-ribs, tender loins, marrow bones, sinews, hide, heart, liver and all.

Then away for the multitude; and as you approach they take the alarm. Away go pursuers and pursued, making the earth tremble as the huge mass moves onward. If you do not hurry them at the start, but chase them up easily and moderately, until you get them fairly in motion, (upon the same principle the Chinese ring their gongs—first tapping them lightly in order to get the sound under headway, and then beating with all their might)—it is a loud time—a perfect horizontal avalanche of flesh in a crescent form, just seen through the dust kicked up as you dash in its midst; and then it is a good time for that Mr. "Scattering" we read of, always running at the elections. There's half a dozen riders in the band, and an outsider can see the streaks they make as they curvet through the drove, quickening a motion and making a path; or hear the occasional crack of a rifle above the wheezing low of the herd as it lumbers along; or he can mark where the dead lay by the breaking stumble

among the crowd, as well as the mariner knows where the rock is by its wake in the tide. This current is never stemmed. Its all resistless flow upon the flat earth carries along in its course a might, if not a majesty, that plainly speaks to those who are daring enough to mix themselves up with it, "this is the way the wind blows." Hence, sweeping gently "outward bound," with a modest curve, after a little, is observed the track of these wayfarers by the way side, beating buffalo and a retreat at the same time, and sweatingly reaching the over trodden plain, with but just breath enough in them, as they come out and wipe the perspiration from their brows, to whisper, in exultation, "Isn't this glorious sport!"

Another party is upon a stream "still hunting," and the buffalo are plenty there, nor easily alarmed, so much do they think of comfort, as they drink in the "branch," or wallow in its pool. Secreted behind a bank breast high, the hunters lie, and as the band come down, snuffing the breeze, the "pick" is touched to the red. Barren cows and two-year olds, fat as if fitted for a stall in "Fly market," lay low by well directed shots taking them where they live, through the lights, the best aim that can be made to bring the frothy, bubbling stream from hole and mouth and nostril—the freshest of life—the flood of death.

Who has not seen domestic cattle gather around, and cut up all sorts of antics, at the smell of the blood of one of their sort, slaughtered? So with untutored beasts, whose necks have ne'er bent under the servile yoke, or whose udders have not been stripped to feed the foundling of civilization. 'Tis nature, backed by scripture—"Blood for blood." Frantic they crowd and gather round the slain, nor dream of danger near, until some one of them gets hit in the jaw, or some other tender place, by a random bullet, and then there is a great commotion, particularly if the poor unfortunate is

one of the file leaders of the band. The wedge now becomes a "jam," and our hunters become more or less alarmed, lest they should be overpowered, and in turn alarm the comrades of their victims, who flank off in haste, leaving the dead to tell the tale they leave behind.

The smooth coated, trim built antelope, fleet as the wind, and with eyes of mellowed softness, pleading as the gazelle's, shares no better fate, when it comes within the reach of the rifle's range; and the first a long eared rabbit hears, he, too, is popped over. Not even the wild mustang is free, if he comes, snorting, with a shrill neigh, and tossing his flowing foretop from his eyes, within the distance assigned to the force of gunpowder; for the hair of his tail and mane is wanted to braid into lassos, or weave into saddle girths.

What ho! we have lost sight of the company. By close observation, aided by the bright glance of the setting sun, a brown string appears upon the plain. That's the train upon the trail; hundreds of miles in length, creeping slowly along. Hundreds of wagons are upon the track; thousands of cattle; and more men than both counted together, to say nothing of the women and children. "Sacre!" "Gee!" "Carajo!" "Ef your'e agoin', why don't you go along?"

Halt! It is sundown, and "turn out" for the night! The watch must be set, and supper cooked, animals watered and unharnessed to graze—but where is the wood, water and grass! Alas! the vanguard only have reached the cool spring, and they have stripped the plain so clean of "buffalo chips," that one could scarcely get a blanket-full in a sabbath day's journey. As for grass, pretty much all the brute sees green, is in its owner's eye. It is something after this fashion that the plains are passed, before you come to the great "South Pass," *en route* for California.



NO NIGHT BUT HATH ITS MORN.

When the world, cold, dark and selfish,
When the heart feels lone and sad;
Times when memory's spells of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad,
Would'st thou have a wand all potent
To illumine life's darkest night?
This the thought that e'er in nature
Darkest hours precede the light.

In the world, cold, dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble flame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name;
When the fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh, lone one, scorned and slighted—
Sunshine ever follows shade.

THE MIDNIGHT BANNER.

BY FRANCES A. FULLER.

Once upon a night of sorrow,
Sat I waiting for the morrow,
With my hand upon my forehead,
And a grief upon my heart;
One I loved had rashly spoken,
Words by which our hearts are broken—
Fatal words of bitter meaning,
Such as force our souls apart;
And I sat in tearless sorrow
'Till the midnight should depart.

Then, to cool the fever burning
Like a flame my forehead, turning
To the closely curtained window,
I had drawn the folds aside;
When I saw all bathed in moonlight,
Floating in the face of midnight,
Like a robed and winged spirit,
A dark banner long and wide,
Streaming out upon the night-wind
In its lone and solemn pride.

With a motion slow and even,
Up against the starry heaven,
Floated that mysterious banner;
Like a proud and mournful soul,
Brooding o'er a sorrow hidden
In a heart-cell, which unhidden,
Human eye may ne'er discover;
Human love may ne'er console;
Sadly and in silence, mourning
Fate which nothing can control.

Like a disembodied spirit,
The wan moon was hanging near it,
With a face all dim and pallid,
Just above the banner's height;
While it kept its murmuring motion,

Like a wave upon the ocean,
Or a sigh within a bosom
Struggling back from human sight;
Heedless of the spirit shedding
Round it her caressing light.

Long I gazed, almost forgetting
My own grieving and regretting,
On that dark mysterious banner,
Floating on the midnight wind;
And I borrowed from its seeming
Thoughts in that strange hour of dreaming,
That have left undying tokens
Of themselves upon my mind;
And my spirit gathered from them
Knowledge ho'y and refined.

All the wildness of my madness,
Altered to a gentler sadness—
Under that dim banner marshalled,
Memory viewed her countless host;
And my soul looked on confessing,
With a murmured prayer and blessing,
Each endearing reminiscence,
In the tide of passion lost;
And a thrill of hope and gladness
My tumultuous bosom crossed.

Then the banner, like my spirit,
Ceased to waver, and more near it,
Rode the pale moon, slow descending
To the chambers of the west;
And then for one blissful minute,
The dark banner held within it
The pale spirit's lovely vision,
Like a face within a breast,
And I knew by that sweet omen
I should be forgiven and blest.

THE WIND.

The wind is a bachelor,
Merry and free;
He roves at his pleasure
O'er land and o'er sea;
He ruffles the lake,
And he kisses the flower,
And he sleeps when he lists
In a jessamine bower.

He gives to the cheek
Of the maiden its bloom;
He tastes their warm kisses,
Enjoys their perfume;
But truant-like, often
The sweets that he sips
Are lavished next moment
On lovelier lips.

THE CHILD OF DREAMS.

BY F. A. F.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

A child left its sports on the meadow grass, and seated herself by the stream that glided from the little spring at her feet, in serpentine curves onward for miles, through woodland and plain, to the ocean; winding among hills, sometimes almost lost in rocky labyrinths, and again bursting upon the sight, its little wave glistening and foaming as if disturbed by the gloom of its hidden channel. So thought the child, as she listened to its complaining sound; and she gathered the flowers that grew upon its margin, and weaving them into a wreath, threw them upon its bosom to soothe away its anger. Each little wave kissed the blossoms, and hurried them away, until they disappeared in the shadow of the rock that lay across their course. The child gazed after them with a musing countenance. Her deep blue eye grew dreamy, and a shade of thought stole softly over her bright face. There were strange thoughts in her childish heart—strange, indistinct visions of the future; but to her they were *only* vague dreams; and, child-like, she wove the future with flowery fancies. The sun was setting, and the child laid her head upon the grass and flowers, and slept. So lonely, and so fearless! But the child had a guardian spirit that was to go with her through life; and what mattered it whether she were there or elsewhere? The sunlight threw a golden halo about her, and shivered into a hundred shining arrows among her unconfined curls. A bright plumed bird sung from the swinging spray above her, and the leaves rustled a low cadence of continuous music. The rivulet gurgled on, but seemed less joyous than before, and its waves were darker, for the sun had sunk into the ocean. At length the flowers folded their petals, and the bright winged bird ceased its vesper, and the low, soft breath of nature was scarcely audible. The evening star came forth beside the new moon, that looked like a fair pearly shell, in the blue expanse of night; and gradually the stars grew brighter, and the young moon more deeply

golden; until the heavens were one splendid canopy of azure and gems. Still the child slept, and though the night dew dampened her hair, her cheek glowed with a warm, deep glow, and her lips nestled among the flowers. And when those found who sought the little truant, she was still sleeping, with the stars for watchers, and the verdure for her couch.

When morning came, and the sunlight again gilded the stream, no childish voice joined the music of its waters: when the flowers unfolded their petals, no tiny fingers were there to weave them into garlands: and when the songster of the evening rustled his bright wings, and carolled out its matin, there seemed a note of sadness in its song, for no little singer trilled its accustomed chorus. Many days passed away before the child again sat beside the meadow stream; and when she came, her eye was larger and sadder, and her cheek paler than before. Summer after summer fled away, and the child was fast passing into womanhood. Still did she carol with the bird; still weave garlands for the stream; and still she roamed through wood and meadow as before. She was Nature's child, and she lived in the light of her countenance; and in the dreams of her ever pure heart and mind, which expanded in its peculiar powers, while she grew wonderful in love and loveliness. The old watched her bounding step and smiling eye, and they loved her; for she sung her own wild music to them at sunset, and brought them flowers wet with morning dew: she laid the fairest fruits at their feet, in Autumn, and then glided away to her shady haunts—her loved dells of flowers, to dream the wild, sweet dreams of beauty and love. The young, too, loved her; but with an almost reverence, for she was not like them. She seemed to them a being without the love of earthly pleasures in her heart, and they felt that she had nothing in common with them. Yet she smiled with them, caressed them so gently, so sweetly; but when they thought her happiest,

they started to observe the tear through which she smiled, the sigh with which she caressed. They saw her sorrowful; they wondered at her grief. Oh, how little did they know of her soul! Truly, they thought aright when they deemed she held no communion with such thoughts as theirs; for even in her happiness was a something that swelled her heart to overflowing; and tears, pure, blissful tears, sweet as the dew in the apple blossom's bosom, mingled with the gentle light in her eyes, and subdued its joyousness. She was sometimes sad with a quiet grief, that she was not formed for the companionship of the gay; but again she was glad with a deep joy, that her pleasures were, though so lonely, so thrilling, beyond any thing they could comprehend. She communed with the spirits of beauty that glided about her in every work of Nature. She saw their unity; saw them glide through the earth, with one consent beautifying every thing in creation; and she recognized them, and loved them. Their spell was upon her, in her spirit, making delightful harmony with the sentiments of her being. But ever and anon came a pensive shadow over her face, with the pain of one constantly recurring thought. Harmony was so common in nature; why then had she never found the spirit that should blend and intertwine with her own? A great truth forced itself upon her heart;—*she was not loved!* not as *she* could love; not even as she *did* love even the lowliest field floweret. She blamed no one for this want; but she pined under the pain of it. The more she saw in creation to love and admire, the more she sighed for the companionship

of one to whom such feelings as hers would be no mystery; one who could see and comprehend; and understanding, could love. The longing strengthened with her intellect, and became a part of her daily thoughts; and slowly dawned the conclusion that she would be thus lonely and craving forevermore. Then came the wish for death; the thought that to lie sleeping dreamlessly beneath the grass and flowers in her own loved haunts, would be sweeter than to dream vainly of an unattainable happiness.

Not long was it before she felt that this last desire would be gratified; and she smiled with a solemn joy she had never felt before, when the truth was brought home to her understanding. Not that she was tired of life: Oh, no! Life was sweet; earth was very beautiful; but her heart was pining; she had no companionship; and to pass quietly away; to be among the blossoms that fall scattered to the earth upon the approach of Autumn, would not be so chilling to her sensitive spirit, as the unmeaning pleasures that mocked her daily sight. And like a blossom overcharged with dew, she sunk with drooping head to the earth. And to the last they understood her not, and wondered at the gentle assenting smile with which she welcomed the approach of Death.

Oh! how many go to the grave, with hearts breaking with only this one care—they are not loved: they die of loneliness, saying in their hearts:

"Life's dark gift

Hath fallen too early and too cold upon me
Therefore I would go hence."

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS,"

We quote these words—they belong to the "agitators," and are not ours—were never more skillfully recapitulated than by one of the fair plaintiffs—Mrs. Little—a very *multum in parvo*. We can not help thinking if the ladies would plead their own rights, two objects would be attained; a cloud of small reformers would be rendered bankrupt by losing the theme, and a verdict would be rendered the plaintiffs without going to court.

"The rights of Woman," what are they?

The right to labor and to pray;
The right to watch while others sleep,
The right o'er other's woes to weep;
The right to succor in distress,
The right while others curse to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all that mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,

The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God,
Along the path her Savior trod;
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above;
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's rights, and God will bless,
And crown their champions with success.

THE GARDEN CITY.

BY THE INCONNU.

At the south-western extremity of one of the chain of lakes, which seems to hang like a great ear-drop upon the map, is situated the "Garden City," or, in the vernacular of the "red republicans" who baptised it, Chicago. On the banks of the river, the "braves" of many generations sleep, and from the very spot where fanes and altars stand, the red man's prayer to his Manitou, the smoke of the council fire and the calumet, alike ascended.

It is not our purpose to play interpreter, and give in pure Anglo-Saxon the patronymic of our goodly city; for, though roses may smell as sweet "by any other name," cities, some times, prove exceptions. But with you, kind reader, we propose to take a retrospect of—say less than a score of years, reaching back to the time when the first tillers of this "Garden," "squatted" upon the prairie and made a "settlement," and travel up till now.

Of the manner the pioneers passed their time, before the date we write, we have at present nothing to do. It was about the time of the advent of a lawyer—till when, innocent of justices and juries, Chicago, like another "Garden" of which we read, was a model of quietness—that we go back to; the time when it was such "fun" to sue folks, and when the whole population, aside from witness and parties, were required, before the jury panel could be filled.

Then, too, with no fear of being arraigned for contempt, and tiring of jury duty, the modern twelve would assemble, and formally resolve that the next suit brought should result *for the defendant*; and from this *ex post facto* verdict there was no appeal, and, for a time, no more litigation.

Mails at that time, uncertain and as far between as angel's visits, were due once a fortnight, and their arrival (always a day of jubilee) was the signal to quit work and business, all hands being required to digest the news. The post office with its primitive arrangement—old boots, minus the uppers, nailed against the wall, the foot forming the letter box—was no theatre of commotion as

in modern times, over the raising of the terms per quarter. Each resident was entitled to his boot, designated "No. 9, pegged," or, "No. 7, stitched," respectively. The P. M., poor fellow, without half the fear of a change in the administration that he had of the Indians—the "Sac war" having just broken out—left for parts unknown, and until this day, we believe, his whereabouts are undetermined.

The "reveille," from old Fort Dearborn, then rang out on the clear morning air, lake-ward and prairie-ward, with an unobstructed course. The movement of the corporal's guard, bearing home an erring comrade, whose "poteen" the night before had prevented his attendance at roll call, alone marked, what is now the busy street and crowded thoroughfare.

Those annual Indian payments, which drew together the remnant of Pottawatomies, Menominees and Winnebagoes, some four thousand in number, were eras in the city's early history. Until the payment no bills were paid—no calculation proceeded beyond it. Until the red man's silver was gone, whether spent for "good-ne-toss," or bread; for blankets, or in gaming; the revel and debauch went on, and the fire-water found victims.

Here would stalk by a tall Chief, arrayed in a scarlet blanket, with his scalp painted to match, a single tuft of hair left upon his front—a Sau-ganash (British Indian) of the Sac tribe—who, a "lone Indian" in the crowd around, moved unnoticed by others, for he was of a *conquered tribe*. There (we think we see him now,) the veritable "Captain Jim," in a dress coat of the latest style, bare legs and feet, and a beaver which would have made Quakerdom envious almost, recounting to a group of boys—the first crop of this "Garden"—his deeds of prowess, in broken English, and scalping o'er again his victims: impressing the idea on their minds, at least, as one now holding a high station in the councils of the nation once did at a "talk" with one of the Wisconsin tribes, "that he was as brave as Julius Caesar!"

The little Che-mo-ko-men were always attentive listeners, though the closing appeal for the

"sinexpençe," by the Captain, did not always produce it.

The red man, however, has long since taken a farewell of this land of his fathers—their hunting grounds and their tombs. The white man was not contented until the turbid waters of the Mississippi rolled between their homes and the possessions he coveted; and thither driven, like deer before their pursuers, they now gather, broken spirited and broken hearted, around their smouldering fires, to sorrow and to die!

Their Manitou, in a strange land receives their untutored offerings, and a mixed race is all they look upon, to remind them of what their fathers were.

Civilization, Progress, Christianity, owe their triumphs here to the wrongs perpetrated upon the Indian—to the potent fire-water, and its accompanying degradation. Upon such ruins are they builded, and at their foundation lie the grievous and broken heart of the "poor Indian."

But "payments" are part of the history of the past. Following close in their wake, the wild spirit of speculation made this the theatre for its action. The corner lot and quarter section excitement of '36, which engrossed all minds, swept over this region, searing and blighting prospects, and leaving bankruptcy and ruin in its path, wide spread and general:—this great moral cholera

found no where more victims, nor was attended with more fatal results, than here.

From this blow, however, under which the rising city staggered for a series of years, recovery was slow but sure. Commerce soon unfolded her white wings, and skimmed the waves of our inland seas; and the passing of that dream—which was but a dream—found the infant, after a pause, with a single bound, as it were, springing at once to manhood. That little hamlet, which, less than a score of years ago, nestled for protection under the pickets of Fort Dearborn, now numbers its twenty odd thousand inhabitants. From the desks of TWENTY-FOUR churches within her borders, congregations now receive the teachings of Divine truth; and our model schools gather, in three thousand children, whose young ideas are there "taught to shoot" creditably through life. From the teeming press, twenty daily and weekly sheets are issued, while the pages of a LADY'S MAGAZINE are opened for perusal;

The waters of our gigantic lakes are to-day mingling and rolling on together with those of the great "Father of Rivers" to the ocean, and the "iron horse" stretches his sinews over the prairie with almost native freedom, as if affrighted at our crowded streets and panting steamers.

Such is a bird's-eye view of the past. Such was Chicago—such is the GARDEN CITY.

UNPUBLISHED SONG.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

There is the dew for the floweret,
And honey for the bee;
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me!

There are tears for the many,
And pleasure for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearts unaltered
Sits love, 'tween you and me!

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,
Yet good it is and true;
It's half the world to me, love;
It's all the world to you!

IMMORTALITY.

BY RUSH TOUNIQUET.

"Amid the wreck of matter, the war of elements, and the crash of worlds, the soul of man shall escape unhurt."

By the appreciation of this Truth, how much that is good is effected, how much that is evil is avoided!

The man of business is bent upon the acquisition of worldly wealth; he devotes his every energy to this main purpose of his life. Sometimes he oversteps far, the legitimate bounds within which his money-struggle should be conducted; and as he sits counting over his illicit gains; exulting over his well concealed duplicity and villainy, why starts he thus suddenly from his seat as if an adder had stung him? Conscience, with its still small voice has whispered to his heart the word IMMORTALITY.

The man of leisure enjoys himself upon the best the world can afford. He scatters lavishly his hoarded wealth, until that world calls him generous. He "hugs the flattering delusion to his heart," that those speak truly who fill his ears with commendations, until they are deaf to the cries of misery and agony that arise from the broken hearted widow and the destitute orphans who have been plundered to make for him this plenty. But as the hearse passes his dwelling place with its freight furnished by his heartlessness, the fearful thought crosses his mind, that he and his victims will meet again; and the rumble of the wheels somehow or other knells into his ears, even louder than the world's praises, the word IMMORTALITY.

The good and the generous has basked for a time in the sunshine of prosperity; the favors of fortune were showered upon him. It was in his power to benefit those in need; it was in his power to scatter around the poor man's hearth the comforts that would make tolerable his hard lot; it was in his power to feed the hungry, and to extend the hand of a timely aid to some despairing victim upon the threshold of crime. And well did he discharge his holy duty; for he felt that all that was given here for God's sake, was treasured up in that land wherein rested his hopes of IMMORTALITY.

But the storms of life have "visited him rudely." His competence has vanished like mist before the sunrise. All are gone that so lately stood around him; like a blasted oak stricken by the thunder-bolt—stripped of every limb and leaf—he stands alone amid the desolation about him, an instructive example of the uncertainty of all things earthly. Friends, family, the wife upon whose faithful bosom he had rested in sickness his fevered temples; whose tender accents of endearment still lingered in his memory like the echoes of sweetest music that float around us when the actual strains have died away; and the child that was the very image of her whose name was graven forever on his heart; the child that had knelt by his knee while he taught its infant lips to utter the praises of the Father who is Father to all of us—all are gone; and beneath the green sod, in the cold, damp earth, they sleep. The finger of scorn is pointed at him now, for he is "broken" in heart and hopes. The cold world passes him heedlessly, and though often the hard pinchings of hunger might compel him to ask a pittance; yet the chilling repulses of the heartless, that once blessed his bounty, restrain him. Does he murmur? Does he despair? No! no! Amid all his trials he is happy: oh! the world knows not how happy; and even when suffering wrings from his eyelids tears, he smiles through those tears with an inward joy that spreads over his emaciated countenance a heavenly radiance: for that still small voice whispers to his heart the assurance of an IMMORTALITY.

Oh! what a life of misery were this, without that hope of another and a better! It is this hope that, in the last struggle of the Christian, gives him genuine courage in all its native energy and grandeur, breathing the spirit of angelic purity, and grasping victory from the very hands of death. It was the hope of IMMORTALITY that buoyed him up through the tempestuous ocean of life, and that infused a sweetness into the bitter chalice of

misfortune. It was this hope that cheered him onward, and was his cloud by day, and his pillar of fire by night, until he reached the end of his pilgrimage. It is this hope that dries up the fountains of the sorrow dimming our eyes, when we part with those dear, very dear, to us here below; this hope that we will meet again in a land "where the rainbow never fades; where the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne

CHICAGO, May.

will be spread out before us like islands that slumber upon the bosom of the ocean, when the beautiful beings that here pass us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever;" where the light of happiness will shine pure, perfect and unchangeable—in that habitation of our Father who is in Heaven.

"Oh! who shall grasp that thrilling thought: Life and joy forever?"



THE CHURCH OF CLARENCEVILLE.

BY PAULINA.

It comes, when Even o'er the earth
Her shadowy veil has cast,
When thought, delighted roves amid
The roses of the past.
It comes, at midnight's solemn hour,
And then, indeed, it seems
The brightest object fancy gilds,
In all the Land of Dreams.
It comes, when morning's early rays
Have lighted vale and hill,
As when it met my early gaze—
The Church of Clarenceville.

From those dear consecrated walls,
What hallowed memories start!
There, closer than the ivy, twine
The tendrils of the heart;
How oft upon my raptured ear,
The Christmas carol rung,
Where wreaths of beauteous evergreens
In richest festoons hung.
The cedar and the pine are there
In fadeless beauty still;
But I am far away from thee—
Sweet Church of Clarenceville.

'Twas there my sainted mother breathed
Her confirmation vow,
'Twas there she gave her hand to him
Who mourns her vainly now.
Near where she meekly knelt, is ONE,
Whose brow serene would tell,
That He who oft hath chastened her,
Still "doeth all things well."
Thoughts of the living and the dead
Come with a magic thrill,
When memory fondly turns to thee—
Sweet Church of Clarenceville.

CHICAGO, 1849.

And shall I lightly pass thee by,
My early Pastor,—thou,
Whose hands the sacred symbol traced
Upon my infant brow:
Forget, how oft in bygone hours
I sat upon thy knee,
And listened to the thrilling tales
That thou would'st tell to me?
Oh! never, 'till this beating heart
In death is cold and still,
Will I forget thee, or forget
The Church of Clarenceville.

I shall re-visit thee, my home,
With summer's earliest flowers,
And gaze upon the scenes where passed
My childhood's happy hours.
And I will roam with those I love,
Around each cherish'd spot,
And drop a tear upon the graves
Of those who need it not:
I'll seek each dear familiar haunt,
The forest, rock and rill,
But dearest, holiest of them all—
The Church of Clarenceville.

And I would press a kiss, once more,
On her dear faded brow,
The Mother of that blessed one
Who sings with angels now.
But will the stranger seem the child?
She loved so long ago?
The form has changed, but not the heart,
It will—it must be so.
Oh! if a drop is wanting then,
My cup of joy to fill,
May I but sit within thy walls—
Sweet Church of Clarenceville.

AN UNSCIENTIFIC CHAT ABOUT MUSIC.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

There is, as every body knows, a trumpet-shaped little instrument, delighting in the barbarous name of Stethoscope, made at some small expense of wood, ivory and skill, wherewith the surgeon plays eaves-dropper to the clink of the machinery of life; and there's a thought in it alike for the preacher and the poet. It is sublime, indeed, to bring one's ear close to the heart's red brink, and list the tinkling of the crimson tide, but there is something more sublime than this. Beneath that wave incarnadine, in every heart, lie pebbly thoughts in rhyme, and gems "of purest ray," beyond the ken of surgeon, and beyond his skill—the emotion half uttered in a sigh, the hope half written in a smile, the grief betokened in a tear.

Now that subliner something is—POETRY.—"I?"—Yes, most incredulous reader, Poetry—for what is it, after all, but the stethoscope of the soul, whereby we hear the music of a healthful heart, and the footfall of lofty thought in the hall of the spirit? What is it but the thought itself, warm and living, *throbbed out* by one heart, only to find lodgment in another? And what is Music, but the melodious wing that wafts and warms it on its mission round the world—that will not let it droop—that will not let it die?

"Auld Lang Syne"—here it is glittering with the dews of its native heather—sung last night in a hovel, sung this morning in a hall. "When shall we meet again?" Within one little year how many lips have asked—how many knells have answered it! Where pipes Cape Horn through frozen shrouds, the mariner hums "Sweet Home," to-night; where hearths are desolate and cold, they sing "Sweet Home," in heaven. With how many blended hearts, from Plymouth to the Prairie, "Dundee's wild warbling measures rose" last Sabbath morn—the strain the Covenanters sang—the tune that lingers yet along the banks of murmuring Ayr! The "Star Spangled Banner" strong voices hymn on deck and desert, in bivouac and battle, where beats a heart beneath Columbia's flag. The "Exile of Erin" will sing the mournful strain, while grates his pilgrim bark

upon a foreign shore: they'll chant "Marseilles," and sound the simple "Ranz des Vaches," till Revolutions are no more, and Alpine altars cease to kindle in the evening beam. "Those evening bells," and "Sweet Afton," and all that long array of sweet and simple melodies that linger round the heart, like childhood's dreams of heaven—whence came their breath of immortality, if not from Music, the pinion of the Song?

And then those sacred tunes that floated round the old gray walls of the village church, and haunt our memories yet; St. Martin's, St. Thomas and St. Mary's, immortal as the "calendar;" Old Hundred, Silver Street and Mear, and sweet old Corinth—Denmark, Wells and Peterboro'—chance breaths caught from the choir above! The faces of the singers have changed since then. The girls are wives—the wives are dead. Those plaintive airs they sang around the open grave, beneath the maple's shade! Lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, what is nearer to it than those old strains—tell me, can they die, while *that* beats on? Die till the "great congregation," the missing ones all gathered home, strike up the sleeping song anew, in "temples not built with hands"! There's Tallis' Evening Hymn, the vesper of two hundred years! They sing it yet—sing it as *they* sang, in twilight's hush, and charmed our youthful ears. *They!* Who, and where are "they?" The loved—in Heaven! Perhaps they sing it there. Who will not say with Christopher North, "blessed be the memory of old songs forever."

And—"mind the step down"—the fashionable "scores" of these days of science and "executions"—the music of the parlor and soiree, thrummed on pianos, twanged on guitars, drawn out from accordions—the sounds that swing scientifically from round to round, up and down the ladder of song—now swelling like a Chinese gong—now quavering in the alto of feline distraction—now at the height of the art, and now in the very Avernus of the science—what element of melody or of soul have THESE, to charm the ear, to reach

the heart, to live forever? Was it Wesley who said the devil had most of the good tunes, after all? And what did he mean, save that out of the church and the drawing room—off the carpets; on the bare floors of this great caravansary, in the street and the cane-brake and the theatre, where they clatter castanets, beat the banjo and sing in disguise, float some of the sweetest strains that modern times can claim?

Well, there!—we have “made a clean breast of it”—volunteered our opinion, “that shouldn’t,” of the new school of fashionable music, and live to tell it! How unfortunate—*isn’t it?*—but for Pity’s sweet sake, don’t pity us—that we were born a thousand years or so too late, and did we not believe that of the patient five who courageously read this article, four think in their “heart of hearts” as we do, we should not have placed our lips at the great confessional, with the “fearful hollow” of the Public’s ear so near the other side.

Music that *is* music, is a universal language, for pæan, plaint and praise, breathed and felt alike by Greek and Barbarian, bond and free. The first we hear of it, those bright choristers, the “morning stars,” were singing a lullaby over the cradled earth, and the last of it—may we never hear—it is the dialect of Heaven! Every body loves it; every body—don’t deny it—has a tune or two laid up in his heart with the trinkets of memory—those little keepsakes of the past that every body loves to think of, but nobody talks about; and he must be very much of a fool or very much of a martyr who would dare it. If a man have a cherished thought or hope, it is wrapped up in a little song—it is *itself* a song. Sampson’s strength was hidden in a tress of hair; and so the strong men, the world over, who eschew poetry and music as elegant trifles, have hidden *their* weakness in some sweet air of old—the sesame to feelings they dream they have survived—the prophet’s wand to the rock they fancy seamless. Find that out, and they are even as other men—touch that, and their hearts lie in two pieces before you.

There is one, who never was born, a sort of man-at-arms to Minerva—at least so he seems to think—who made his debut into breathdom in boots and a beard, armed to the *teeth*, as Richard was, and for a like intent. Did you ever see him try to smile on childhood, without a lingering apprehension that he might play *Saturn* (see his godship’s “bill of fare,”) with the little innocents?

Look at his eye, cold and gray as November, and his brow, latticed with wrinkles, as if to cage “some horrible conceit.” Time never ploughed such a “bout” as that. Who ever heard him sing a song, or whistle a tune, or even drum with his fingers at musical intervals? Who ever caught him assaying a pirouette or reading poetry—heard him call anything lovely or charming that couldn’t be “checked,” and journalized, barreled, baled, or bundled? nobody; and yet he is an excellent man, upright as a mountain pine, regular as a chronometer, but somehow or other, the place where his heart ought to be, is walled up—and taken altogether, he resembles a January night—very fair and very cold.

Now look at him as he is—a cast iron specimen of the *cui bono* school, and tell me, was he ever in love? Did the light of his eye wax warmer once, and his tones grow deeper and softer, do you think? Get a clerkship with him and turn over old ledger “A.” If you find any account of Miss —’s investment, or Miss —’s venture; if you find the transaction duly booked, rely upon it, he was.

Is there not, then, in all that heart of his, one rocky cleft, wherein a flower may cling, in sweet memorial of a gentler time? Does there not linger round those walls of stone, some echo, orphaned now, of a joy “lang syne”—another heart responsive to his own? Is there, indeed, no hidden fountain, or no wand to wake it? Ah! yes. Of all the drums that beat life’s reveille, there is not one, where’er it be, thrilling the fair billow of Caucasian bosoms, or ‘neath the dusky vestment of Ishmael’s desert sons, that *always* beats the dead march of the past—some thoughts are sleeping there, “dewy with tears.”

Try him with an old song as he sits thoughtfully by the fire, between sunlight and lamplight—one of the sweet old songs our mothers sang. Hum it softly over. There’s an impatient gesture. That’s not the one! Another, then. He does not seem to hear you, but he does. Perhaps he looks fierce—perhaps “accompanies” you with tongs and fender—perhaps seizes a quill with nervous emphasis, as if to make a pen. No matter—sing on. He has cut it to the feather, ruined a best “Holland.” You have him now. You will play sunrise with this Memnon by and by. “Where did you learn that?” says he, with a dreadful scowl. You need not tell him; he neither wants a reply nor waits for it. “Tis a silly thing, and none but silly people sing—don’t you

know it!" Then comes a silence. Slowly he resumes the long forgotten thread of thought. "It's a long time, since I heard that foolish song—twenty years—the evening before I left home"—then he *had* a nestling place once—"my sister sang it,"—and a sister, too,—and she—is dead now. Do you know the whole of it?" he asks abruptly, turning to you—"sing it, then." He listens awhile, grows uneasy, lights a lamp, opens a ledger and pretends to write. "Pshaw!" he mutters; he has written his sister's name across the page. He seizes his hat, turns toward you with a face at least a lustrum younger, and says "there, that will do," and slowly leaves the counting room. Now look at that ledger's page. It is blotted. Did he blot it? *He*, whose books are a fair transcript of his character—precise, unquestionable, and without stain or erasure! Yes, a blot, but *not of ink*. You have made a better man of him—started the dormant mechanism of his heart again, and set the little handful of irritable muscle to playing as of old. And an old-fashioned tune—words in a primer, notes nowhere—that old-fashioned people sing with old-fashioned voices—alas! for that—trembling like a fast-failing fountain—such a melody has done all this.

But the charm is attributable to association. Is it? Approach the cage of the fiercest of his race—a Hyrcanian tiger, and softly play a sweet air upon your flute, but it must be a good one, for though tigers may have little talent for music, they have a great deal of *taste*. He lays his huge head against the bars of his prison; his stormy breath is lulled by the magic potency of sweet sounds; he is a kitten again; and yet the time when wrapped in a little striped blanket of his own, he slept in the mountain cave, with the tempest for his lullaby, has very little to do with the "charming."

And the bright serpent—will my fair reader pardon the illustration?—that ribbon of living satin—Satan?—how does he,

"That rolled away loose as the seawave,
—sweep up his coil
Surge upon surge, and lay his gorgeous head
With its fix'd, sleepless eye 't' the centre ring,
The watcher of his living citadel,"

when the Hindoo charmer breathes a tune upon the thrilled and slender reed? How does he arch

his glossy neck, and quiver to the strain, his tongue like a lambent flame moving the while in mute accompaniment, thoroughly exorcised in the name and by the spirit of harmony!

"I cannot silence such a voice as that," said the *human* tiger, and he returned the steel gilded for the Singer's bosom, uncrimsoned to his own—an offering snatched from the altar of blood, and transferred to the altar of song.

Yes, there *are* strings in every heart—don't you believe it?—that are not *all* worsted—that were not spun in a factory built with hands—not stolen from a silkworm's shroud—not continuations of the purse strings; chords of a nobler harp than Apollo swept, that sometimes play *Æolian* to the wings of angel-thought.

Here, then, music has its origin—thence, like the winged courier of the ark, it goes forth, and thither it returns with the blessing and the song of peace. All hearts—gentle Charity, look the other way while I write it—all hearts are not full strung, but what of that? Paganini made his fortune by playing upon *one* string, and Nature made some to be like him.

Physiologists tell us that if one, with whom the "daughters of music are brought low," stand on the sounding shore, amid the thunder of ocean, he can distinguish those softer tones that had floated round him inaudible in the silence. And so it is with the bird-like voices of the purer and the past, that wander by unheard on muffled wing, yet sometimes amid the din and hurry of the thronged and dusty world, thrill ear and heart, and charm us, for a moment, back to our better selves, ere the spring array of life was doffed for the rustling gold of harvest, or bound in the sheaf to fade upon the floor of the thresher.

Age must bring its dower of the silver tress, but what of that, if the *heart* be young? Music, as I am regarding it, is the great cosmetic that keeps it from growing old with years. But to be this, it must also be *heart-born*. If it springs thence, it will rise like a fountain to its height again—fountain? aye, that's the word!—and fall like it, in hope and beauty, over some *other* fountain that has ceased to play melodiously as of old—its sublime mission of beauty and blessing unended, till "the pitcher and the wheel are broken, when the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it."

WOMAN'S TRUE SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.

I know well young girls, who are fitted by nature, and might readily be so by education, to maintain themselves, or assist in the maintenance of a family, who are willing to remain idly at home, while a father, burdened with a large family, or embarrassed by debt, struggles with every power, to preserve his honor and do justice to all around him. They are drones in life, burdens to their friends, and to themselves also, unless their small souls are satisfied with a daily routine from which a sensible and feeling woman would shrink in disgust. The mother, inspired by a desire for respectability, and also for the comfort of these graceless girls, toils unceasingly in her domestic *menage*. The white hands and carefully preserved complexions of these daughters, are much less attractive to him who looks rightly on life, than the toil-embrowned hand, or less delicately fair face, which speaks a good, sensible heart.

Would not these girls be infinitely more respectable, if they relinquished their own comfort and ease, and as assistants in the family, or away from home, as teachers, asserted their right to remove the burden from the shoulders and heart of their father, or to secure their mother against the necessity of such arduous toil. The prejudice which prevails against females exerting themselves in these capacities, I contend to be a wrong to the sex, as it would deprive them of a high privilege. The celebrated Madame de Genlis congratulated herself that there were thirty ways in which she could support herself. How many of the *young ladies* of our day, if called upon to render such an account, could boast of more than one, if that? They would be ashamed of their domestic accomplishments, if they possessed any—and in what else are they competent to give assistance or instruction?

Oh! I wish I could put into my words half the earnestness that fills my heart, when I think of the young girls springing up around us into beautiful womanhood—fair to look upon, and of gentle and pure hearts—whom unwise training, or the shackles of foolish custom are depriving of their rights. Young sister, your soul has a *right* to knowledge: why will you submit to have it with-

held from you? Why will you neglect your opportunities for acquiring it? Your hearts were formed to be filled with intense, and holy, and self-sacrificing affections. Will you wrong yourself by wasting such capacities in vain triflings, or by weakening them with your selfish indulgence? Do propose to yourself a worthy aim, without which your existence will be almost vain. Exert yourself to-day, and every day, to do good to others, and to make them happy.

Thank God for your intellectual powers, and improve them to the utmost as He gives you opportunity:

“————— for the depth
Of glory in the attributes of God,
Will measure the capacities of mind;
And as the angels differ, will the ken
Of gifted spirits glorify him more.”

If you have not the creative faculty of genius, you may at least cultivate a power of appreciating genius in others, which is, in itself, a source of great enjoyment. Your mind requires to be strengthened by diligent and judicious study and training; otherwise, however desirous you may be of doing well, you will be found characterless and insufficient when called upon to act.

If fortune so favors you, and no necessity for active exertion arises, this study and training will still be required; for what is the young girl's obvious destiny? When she leaves the home of her childhood, where it was her right to be cherished with sheltering love—where she has stood as a guardian angel in the path of a brother tempted to sin, or cheered and soothed and blessed the hearts of beloved parents, she goes to a home of her own, where her very presence is to create happiness. Her husband looks to her for the charm which is to brighten his path of life. When the world frowns on him, and disappointment presses like an incubus on the active mind, is it not the wife's privilege to sympathise with or cheer her husband a most precious *right*.

Would any true-minded woman intermeddle with public affairs, or voluntarily devote herself to pursuits in which she can only acquire excellence by relinquishing her domestic avocations and

privileges? Who is willing to forego even her enjoyment of the graceful refinements of life, in a quiet and intelligent home circle—refinements which are perfectly consistent with my theory of usefulness—for the *clat* attending a life of publicity? If a woman pursue only the more accessible paths of literature, she need not forfeit the advantages of a home sheltered from the public eye; but a desire for *fame* is often aroused, which deafens the ear to the music of love, and hardens the heart to its influence, which renders her unable to discern distinctly her allotted task and its rewards, while it presents to her a vision of deceitful beauty in the crown to be won by intellectual achievements. I would beg of any woman, however well qualified she may be for a public sphere, to consider if she is willing to resign her peculiar charms and her usefulness *as a woman*.

I pity the delusion of those who see no beauty in domestic life—who regard with contempt those whose time is frequently occupied in attending to their households. They forget that contributing to the happiness and well being of those they love, ennobles the most menial services, and that unselfish devotion to such a purpose, when it is required, elevates, rather than degrades. It is true, much more time is often devoted to such employments than is necessary; with some house-keepers excessive neatness ceases to be a virtue, when the time devoted to its attainment is taken from more important pursuits.

Others, again, do a great wrong to their families, as well as themselves, by spending their time in preparations that pamper the appetite—degrading them to a level with the brute creation, by making such sensuality their highest pleasure—enfeebling their minds and ruining their health.

Those who thus waste their precious hours of life, are truly deserving of censure; but not “the woman who attendeth diligently to the ways of her household.”

The noblest right of woman claims our attention last. To the mother is committed a trust for immortality. Look at the young child; lovely it may be in person, in developments of heart, in the gleamings of a brilliant intellect. What higher trust can there be, than to watch over that beautiful being, and to shield her from the evil with which the wide world abounds, that her spirit may be returned to its Maker, ennobled and made more glorious by the mother's judicious care—by her earnest and well directed love. Is it not a holy right to guard that little heart till it becomes a well-spring of all pure and faithful affection? It is your right to teach your child to know and recognize the hand of God in every event of his Providence—to show her, in the exquisite delicacy of the smallest flower, the handiwork of the same Being who hurls the thunder, and directs the lightning's flash—to explain to her the wonderful mechanism of her own little frame—to make familiar to her delighted gaze the stars of heaven in their nightly course—to point out before her the glorious path her spirit may pursue.

The proudest rights of our sex are vested in the wife and mother. She who is a helpmate in all good deeds to her husband, becomes his “crown” of happiness and glory. She who “teaches her son to be good,” who trains up her high-minded daughters to exert their vivifying influence over the world, fulfils her mission as a woman, exercises her highest right, and “her children shall rise up and call her blessed.”

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave has bright foam near it,
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom,
The saddest heart is not all sadness,

And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines some ling'ring beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

A HALF HOUR WITH "OURS" ABOUT "OURS."

OURS! What a wonderful little word that pronoun, personal, plural and possessive is, to be sure. There's a world of might, magic and music folded up in it. Heaven help him who is too poor to say "our." One Summer's day, we saw an old man sitting in front of a martin-box of a cottage. The north side was covered with moss, and an inquisitive vine had climbed up and looked in at the one little window beside the door—then grown ambitious, put out a tendril, crept up to the gray roof, twined gracefully round the stick chimney, as if it were something to love; and there it was, nodding over the top, beckoning to the sunbeams and plotting a *lien*. Before the door swung a fine old tree, keeping time to the breeze, and its dew-dappled shadow lay upon the old man's brow, and wavered along the grass, as if it had just fallen, and had not had time to get still.

Well; we had known the old man from our boyhood, and even *then*, to our childish eyes, he seemed standing upon eternity's threshold; and to us his trembling tone and tread were no mysteries, for was he not in sight of two worlds? His young wife—she was always young to *him*—had passed on in her beauty before him—children, there were none, "to call him blessed," and there he was, like Logan, alone; and could *he* say "we"—"our," do you think? "Yes, yes, my son," he exclaimed, in answer to our inquiry, "we are well and happy this morning as the sunshine and the breeze can make us." "Us! are you not living alone yet?" The old man smiled, and pointed to the shadow playfully darting out here and there, as though it would fain get away from the tree, and anon fluttering timidly back—"that's the partner in the firm," said he—"don't you know that two things most people pray to be spared from, I have numbered in my calendar of blessings—tears and shadows!" We resumed our stroll, thinking that while one has strength enough to throw a shadow, or wealth enough to own one, he can say "our." Every thing real, substantial, and a native of earth and day-light, has one. Here's to our Patrons and Contributors, then—"may their shadows never be less."

Your hand, kind reader—you have waited for us? Glad and sorry for that, but here we are

again, craft, crew and supercargo consigned to you, and there's the bill of lading.

Some things that we threw overboard were too light to sink, and so they have drifted ashore for Christian burial. Uncas' Leap, by "Mohican," is of this description. To embody Erskine's remark to a man on stilts, a long time ago, had the rock whence his sachemship leaped, been as lofty as the writer's *style*, he would inevitably have broken his neck; and the "Last of the Mohicans" would have lost his theme but saved his paper. Apropos of last: the words of the painter to the critic-Crispin are not altogether inapplicable: we pray you, don't go beyond your *last*.

"Iota" sends us four sheets of foolscap, erased, interlined, marginless, meaningless, and five cents apiece, and coolly asks what he shall write about next time? Why, most appropriate Initial, if you *must* write, try your hand at autobiography—write about an "iota" or so.

Didn't N. M. P. know that policies of assurance and insurance are not signed by the same underwriters? The thing he sent us, took fire, and was, as the papers say, "a total loss."

There are other things, again, that we decline reluctantly, not without divers relents; evidently the first-born children of minds in their first love, that have been caressed at home, applauded by friends, have purchased, perhaps, the smile of a sweet-heart. Well, here they are, fairly written out, without blot or erasure, in a hand so delicate, with a note so modest, and a quiet *nomme de plume*—the only fiction about it, by the by—and what shall we do? Did we not read more than they had written, and more than they would have us, we should not hesitate. But just there, palpably before us, sits the author, superscribing the missive that now lies open before us, and committing it, not without solicitude, to its fate. And *will* it be printed and commended, or rejected and ridiculed—who knows? Publication day comes round; with nervous haste they seize the magazine, turn over and over its fair pages again and again; it *must* be there—some where; no, it is not there. How the young heart sinks for a moment with its burden of "hope deferred" only to be broken! We have been there ourself.

How can we best promote their interests and our own? Print, says the heart. Wait, says the head. They have talent, rejoins the former; talent wants time, suggests the latter—and encouragement, adds the heart. Is there but one way? queries the judgment. Hearts have it, but reason overrules it. A kindly suggestion here and there, a word in season now and then; the writer tries again—finds the old song true, "turns the style" resolutely and often, revises patiently, aye painfully, and succeeds at last; *opposed* into mental life and action and perfection, as the buried germ, that struggles up through the trodden soil, bound down by gravity, beaten by the rain, swayed by the blast, yet up it comes, steadily and surely and strongly, till it stands alone in the blue heaven and the birds sing in its shade. Then is *our* time, for the hypercritical, (mind the spelling) unfeeling Editor is transfigured, and appears to them the most judicious of friends, with a heart precious as a crown jewel. But he is gray, or gone long ago, perhaps. Well—we'll leave the grateful legacy to our boys.

Here is one of a half dozen, that have disturbed the equipoise of her hoodwinked ladyship's scales, sadly. There's a pretty conceit in it—that thoughts are strewn for every body's finding, like shells on the shore—that the twilights are—what do you think?—shores, and night the sea,

"That darkly heaves, like Egypt's Nile,
Between the day-banks' ceaseless smile."

We cannot do better in bidding her "learn to labor and to wait," than to adopt a few lines of her little poem, and recommend them to her, for she will not reject her own:

"Bend low, my own, beside the waters,
And thou may'st find, like Egypt's daughters,
Within a willow cradle laid,
With tears and blessings on its head,
Wrapped in its swaddling bands, some Thought,
'Mid rushes hidden and forgot;
And on 'thee, wondering there the while,
That founding Thought shall sweetly smile—
Some *Prophet* Thought, whose breath shall rift
The snowy sea, in mighty drift,
And bid the soul pass through the flood,
Fresh with the footsteps of a God."

There are still other things, that although they are not on the bills, are still safe in the locker; or, to get a little nearer the truth, are treasured in the "corcordium," the heart of hearts, though we never print them. We should as soon think of tearing a *leaf* out of our own, and giving it to the news boys, or setting its pulsations to music,

to be sung by a street minstrel. "And pray, what can *they* be?" inquires some patient listener. We are no Apollo—so have no right to be Delphic, and confidentially, will venture to tell you.

Here's a letter now under the inkstand. There, read that first page, and we will answer this delicate little missive the while, that came to us all the way from Kentucky. A fair young correspondent—the chirography is feminine, and so—absolution we pray—is the *question*—naively inquires if we meant *her* in one of our notices to contributors last month. As Burns, the sad fellow, wrote to a lady in church, who seemed to listen uneasily to a philippic against fashionable follies:

"Fair maid, you needn't take the hint,
Nor idle text pursue;
'Twas only sinners that we meant,
Not angels such as you."

Well, you have read the letter, and would you print it? "Beautiful! why not?" you exclaim in a breath. He was our classmate, from the time we "struggled thro' the mystery of joining A to B."

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," and of a noble heart withal. We addressed him a letter, a while since, requesting him, for the sake of "auld lang syne," to favor us and you with an occasional contribution. Here it is, and what is it? Beautiful, indeed, but the beauty of a *cleft heart*—the twang of a breaking string. They fled of old, to the altars for refuge, but there is no sanctuary wherein Death may not enter. A few weeks ago, the Destroyer imprinted a second bridal kiss upon lips that *he* had pressed, and the wife of his heart was "married unto Death." Yet who would not that his heart should be in Heaven! And is it not written, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also?"

Not being "to the manner born," in the conduct of a literary periodical, we hope to live and learn. Need we add that for the kind wishes and suggestions of experience, though not indexed in the ledger, yet we have a little book and a leaf in it, that we would not exchange for the most ponderous tome that ever tenanted a counting-room? Our esteemed correspondent, "W." will accept *carte-blanc* for our gratitude:

"They are sleeping—who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay.
Safe they rest, 'e green turf under
Voice of friends or music's breath,
Winter's wind or Summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death."

They are waking—who are waking?
 Children sleeping after play,
 Of renovated strength partaking,
 And forgetting yesterday.
 Hope exulting flies before them,
 Swift they bound o'er hill and plain,
 The lights of life just coming o'er them,
 With young Enjoyment in its train.

He is waking—who is waking?
 One who hath a brother slain—
 With sharp remorse his heart is aching
 He'll never sweetly sleep again.
 That still, small voice is in his ear,
 "Where is the brother thou didn't slay?"
 And every minute of each year,
 He must remember yesterday.

They are waking—who are waking?
 Hark! the Archangel's trumpet call;
 See, the earth in terror shaking!
 Lo, he comes, the LORD OF ALL!
 Who shall child-like now awaken,
 Who shall now with rapture pray?
 By whom shall hope be now o'ertaken?
 Who must remember yesterday?

"Mentor's" favor upon music is "to our mind," and will "keep" till June, when brooks, birds and boughs, that have been so long out of practice, having tuned up, and plumed up, and had leave to sing, will be in their very best voice, from first treble to pedal base.

The "Martyr Child," "Relief Ship," and "Idealist's Rock," are in the top of the drawer, awaiting a companion, when with a quartette of home poets, we will give a concert, perhaps, take a benefit.

"Ophelia's" poem upon newspapers is very good, but really we, as well as she—very sorry for the gender—have seen the original. *Eccce Signum*:

"As shakes the canvass of a thousand ships,
 Struck by a heavy land breeze far at sea—
 Ruffle the thousand broad sheets of the land,
 Filled with the people's breath of potency."

Thanks to her excellent taste for bringing to mind a fine stanza in Mathews' beautiful but unequal poem, *The Journalist*.

We have inflected three tenses of the verb "print," and inflected them upon you—what we won't print, what we will print, what we never print—one yet remains to render our editorial synopsis complete, viz: what we have printed. "Ho! for California," comes to our ears this month from a great way off over the plains; but it has lost not a tone by the distance, for the clairvoyant gift of the writer, brings one near enough to hear it—and without making one of the "mess," we can

"See them on their winding way."

Our readers will regret to learn that the magic number three, closes the sketches, and wish with us that he had "willed" these modern Jasons by some longer route. "The Spirit Banner" is a beautiful fabric, beautifully wrought, with a delicate wooing of golden thought withal. Don't you think so? May the sister with the shears—Miss Atropos—she wasn't married?—tarry long ere she clips such threads. We would have wished that she might lose them altogether, but elderly maiden ladies are so particular sometimes, there would be little hope of it.

"Sympathy," from a valued home correspondent, glittering with truth and feeling, is, we are assured, the earnest of more and better by and by. The author of "Immortality," *en passant*, an old acquaintance of many readers, has looked in upon us—no intrusion. A Wyandott Tradition by J. H. K., a gentleman quite as well versed in the early history of the red children, as any man in the North-West, is unavoidably deferred until the next number, and will lose none of its interest from the assurance that it is not the coinage of the counterfeiting brain, but as true as that Helen made mischief in old Troy.

If the "Incommu" will "restore," as Daguerreotypists say, a reminiscence now and then, of the Garden City, before it *was* a city, its site little else than the hem of Nature's own clearing, we will "set" them, and give him a long credit. For the "Gold Seekers of the Sacramento," a translation from the French, we are indebted to a gentleman in this city, and it comes by no means malapropos.

We encountered not long since in—well, no matter where—the beautiful little poem by "Paulina," to the Church in Clarenceville. We thought when reading it, that Clarenceville must be "a love of a place," and on reviving our geographical recollections a trifle, we found it so. But the date, "Chicago, 1849," is significant:

"Oh! tell me, have you seen her,
 Seen the Spirit of the Song?"

She intimates, too, that she shall leave us, "with Summer's earliest flowers;" but we trust she will return thither long before they fade; and when she again apostrophizes her native village, that we may be allowed to send it abroad, fairly printed on some page of the Magazine.

But we must close the drawer "for the nonce," till that two-syllabled terror of the weary brain, "copy!" plays sesame with the treasures. Sometimes, as we have elsewhere written, we are inclined to repine at our lot, but when the thought

occurs to us that we alone are not "the Slave of the Lamp"—we wish it were Aladdin's—why we quite resignedly submit ourselves to our fate. Did you ever think that "copy" is the cry and the thought of all the world? The milliner trims the hat, and the maiden wears it, according to copy. The painter and the sculptor make the canvas live and the marble breathe, according to copy, and the poet paints a beauty in words, from the ideal copy he has shined in his heart. "Copy," whispers the man of fashion, as he adjusts his cravat a-la-mode, and "la-st copy," pipes the

newsboy in the street beneath his window. "Copy," exultingly mutters the forger in his den, as he cons his last counterfeit, and "copy" murmurs the young mother, as she smiles upon her first born. So with the evil and the good, the lofty and the low, in the world of fashion and the abodes of penury, it is copy the world over. And when at last, that infant is wilted like an early flower, and laid in a little grave beneath the snow, the parent bends over it, and sighs that the *sweetest* copy in all the world has perished forever.



THE WORLD AT AUCTION.

There are some "things behind" which we should not be forgetting, and this is one of them.—Ed.

The world for sale! Hang out the sign,
Call every traveler here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my weary spirit free?
'Tis going! yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatso'er it bring;—
The world at auction here to-day.

It is a glorious thing to see—
Ah! it has cheated me so sore;
It is not what it seems to be!
For sale! it shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;—
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going!—I must sell,
Who'll bid—who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's wealth, in glittering heaps of gold—
Who bids? but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold.
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill and plain,
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's love, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis going—Love and I must part.
Must part!—what can I more with Love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove—
A breath of bliss—a storm of pain?

And Friendship—rarest gem of earth—
Who e'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth—
Who bids for Friendship—as it is?
'Tis going, going—Hear the call!
Once, twice and thrice!—'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,
But now the broken staff must go.

Fame! hold the brilliant meteor high
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy.
How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned?
Now purchase, and a world command,
And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope! with ray to shine
In every sad forboding breast,
Save this desponding heart of mine—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
But hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

Ambition, fashion, show and pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
By Death, stern Sheriff! all bereft,
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left—
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

THE GOLD SEEKERS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

A SOUVENIR OF 1848.

THE GAMBUSINO.

SOME affairs of business requiring it, I left Vera Cruz for New Orleans, where I landed on the 22d of May, in the morning. I went to the boarding house nearest the port; and after my baggage was placed in my room, I descended into the parlor. Breakfast was served, and we sat down to the table. Three persons, among the guests, whom I did not even know, particularly attracted my attention.

The first, a young lady from eighteen to twenty years of age, belonged, without any doubt, to that strong and vigorous American race, which refined civilization has not yet had time to corrupt. Her regular features, her large blue eyes, her magnificent auburn hair, her beautiful complexion, slightly browned by exposure, formed a whole, without fancy or flattery, at least very agreeable. She was the daughter of the mistress of the boarding house; her name was Annette B—.

The second person, was a colossal American, probably a Kentuckian, by whose side I was sitting. His black dress, his white cravat, his whiskers cut off on a line with the point of his ears, his closely shaved face, his grave manners, gave him sufficient resemblance to a Doctor. His dress, too precise for the morning, contrasted also in a singular manner.

To complete the enumeration, the third person, who, with the big Kentuckian and the pretty Miss Annette, had attracted, as I have already said, my attention, was seated at the other end of the table, almost opposite me. He was a man, whose face bronzed by the sun, thin, bony, and with little beard, rendered it difficult to assign to him any precise age between twenty and thirty-five. His slender arms, his narrow and sloping shoulders and contracted chest, did not indicate a physical force equal to that of my neighbor the Kentuckian; yet, I thought I could distinguish in him, one of those dry and nervous organizations, that we Spaniards consider as possessing *aguante*, (endurance) and which, like the reed, faces easily the

storm, whilst that the oak falls broken and overcome. This man, to judge by his toilet, dazzling and in bad taste, had not long mingled in what is commonly termed *society*. His cravat, of changeable silk, surmounted a linen shirt, which was ornamented by two enormous emeralds, heavily encased in a rich mounting of gold: the mounting itself completely besprinkled with small rubies and topazes. An enormous chain also, of massive gold, encircled his neck, and descended in folds to the pocket of his satin vest; this chain served to sustain a very large and antique watch, whose case was covered with small diamonds and precious stones. His fingers slender, and admirably shaped, were almost concealed by a profusion of rings of all kinds.

Independent of his extravagant toilet and fanciful appearance, this man would have attracted the attention of an observer, by the curious expression of his eyes, which, although naturally brilliant, were fixed, and seemed to disclose at first view, a less than ordinary intelligence; the animation which they showed whilst regarding Miss Annette, an animation imperceptible to a person who was not accustomed, as I was, to observe the red savages of the prairie, gave me to understand that his air of almost idiotic indifference, was a deceitful mask, voluntarily assumed. I thought I could, from that moment, assign to him a nation.

While tea was being served, the Kentuckian occupied himself in reading an American journal—the Daily Picayune. Two Oh! Oh's! strongly accented, and indicating great astonishment, which escaped from his huge chest, made all the guests raise their heads.

'Important news, sir?' another American asked him.

'Yes, very important.'

'Would you inform us?'

'No,' replied the Kentuckian, after a moment's

hesitation; 'this news is a good thing, and the less a good thing is known, the more it is worth.'

'Then you did wrong to show your surprise. I will read the Daily Picayune with care.'

As soon as breakfast was finished, the American who had asked the questions, took the Daily Picayune, to seek there, as he said he would, what the Kentuckian had read. In a moment he raised a cry of surprise, in saying—

'Indeed! if this news is true—it is a very fine thing.'

'It appears you have found it?' said I to him, pointing at the journal with my finger.

'Oh! it is wonderful,' he replied to me; 'wonderful! So extraordinary even, that I am inclined to believe it is a puff.'

'Then let us see the puff.'

'Some one writes to the editor of the Picayune, that they have just discovered, on the shores of the Sacramento river, such a quantity of gold dust that a man could easily collect a pound a day;—incredible—is it not?—yet this article is filled with details, and bears an appearance of truth which confounds me; read.'

I was about taking the journal, that the American was handing to me, when the man with the bronzed-like complexion, springing like a tiger from the corner of the chimney, where he was sitting, came with a bound in front of me.

'What do they say of the Sacramento?' enquired he of me in a hoarse voice, and in Spanish.

His manner had so surprised me, that I waited a moment without replying to him.

'Why do you not answer me? Answer me now!' replied he with anger. 'What is that about the Sacramento?'

'They say they have discovered there, rich mines of gold.'

'A *placer*, or mines of gold?'

'A *placer* in Spanish—mines according to the English language.'

My reply produced a terrible effect upon my interrogator; notwithstanding his bronzed complexion, his face became livid, his teeth were closely shut, and his eyes were closed with a sinister leer. I thought he had suddenly fallen sick.

'What interest do you attach to this discovery, caballero?' I enquired of him.

'What interest?' he repeated with an astonishment mingled with fury; 'the interest that the possessor has for his property; this *placer* belongs to me.'

I regarded him with pity, thinking that I was talking to a fool.

'Oh! I understand the language of your eyes; you think you are talking to a crazy man,' he replied sorrowfully. My name will be sufficient, I hope, to explain to you the cause of my despair. I am called Rafael Quirino.'

The fact is, this name, Rafael Quirino, was perfectly unknown to me.

'You are a Mexican, doubtless?' I replied, in order not to drop a conversation which had begun to interest me.

'If not a Mexican, what would you wish me to be?' said he to me; 'every one knows that Rafael Quirino, the king of the gold-seekers, was born in California, near the port of San Francisco.'

This response, in explaining to me the cause of the emphasis, with which Quirino had given me his name, also recalled to my mind this name, buried among the numerous incidents of my travels. In truth, I had often heard it spoken in the year 1845, at the time of my last visit to Monterey. The man who was before me, instead of being a fool, on the contrary, was a rare and curious representative of those Gambusino's, who, solitary and carelessly traverse the vast solitudes of New Mexico, braving the scalping knife of the Indians, the pangs of hunger and thirst, and the teeth of the tigers and jaguars. The despair he had just shown, on learning of the discovery of the *placer* of the Sacramento, equally convinced me that the existence of this *placer* was a real and certain fact, and inspired me with a lively desire to examine it further. I proposed to him to go into my room and smoke a cigar; he accepted without hesitation. To meet with a man speaking the same language as himself, seemed to give him great pleasure.

'Pardon me, Senor Quirino, for the question I am about to ask you,' said I to him, when we were installed in my room; 'believe me, it is interest and not curiosity that dictates it. How happens it that you are at New Orleans?'

'My presence here is quite a story,' said the Gambusino to me. 'It is six months to-day since I met, midst a company of Americans, Miss Annette and her mother. I became soon desperately in love with the daughter of our present hostess. I was at that time so completely intoxicated with joy, (for I had just discovered the *placer* of the Sacramento,) that I offered, without hesitation, to the young American, 500 ounces of gold, that is to say, all I possessed, for a meeting. She refused.'

'Exasperated by this refusal, so unexpected to me, my love was increased by all the violence of

the despair which this refusal had produced, and changed itself soon into one of those terrible and irresistible passions which we Gambusinos alone are aware of, when we enter again, for the moment, into social life. I cast myself at her feet. I begged her to remain in California, swearing to her by all things sacred, that I would marry her before six months, and bring her for a marriage-gift, a half a million of gold dust. This time she did not deem it necessary to refuse me; she took me for a fool. The day after this scene, the party left, and I followed them. Two months afterwards I found myself, without thinking of it, at New Orleans.'

'And since then what have you done?'

'I have loved, and I have suffered—for I have perceived that if the beautiful Miss Annette did not evince any tender feelings for me, her indifference arose from the fact that her affections were already engaged. I with shame confess it to you—she fancies that frightful American, near whom you just sat at table. This Kentuckian, called John Bell, will soon marry her. And what have I not done to please her? I have expended foolishly, without any benefit, in four months, almost 600 ounces of gold. I desired to show to her, that it was a *caballero* who was attentive to her! I have discarded my dress, as a Gambusino, and bundled myself up with the finest fashionable garments, for the purpose of bedecking myself like one of the gay idlers of the town. She has not considered me of any importance; and to think that it is, to her foolish preference for John Bell, that I owe the loss of the *placer* of the Sacramento! After all, who knows! Perhaps the lot of John Bell will be so unhappy, that instead of bewailing myself on his account, I would be obliged to pity him.'

The bitterness with which the Gambusino pronounced these last words, set me to thinking. I knew, too well, the character of these inhabitants of the desert, not to know that action with them quickly succeeds the thought; but these reflections I could not apply to Senor Quirino.

'But it seems to me, Don Rafael,' said I to the Gambusino, 'that you possessed excellent means for obtaining the hand of Miss Annette. You would only have frankly to reveal to her the existence of the *placer* of the Sacramento. The numerous and celebrated discoveries, among others, that of the *Conanza* of *Nabogame*, would have given, without speaking of your reputation, a weight to your words. I am astonished, that this idea did not strike you.

'Reveal the discovery of a *placer*!' replied Quirino, with great astonishment. Then do you not know what a Gambusino is? The true Gambusino is not an ordinary man. There is no such thing as interest to him, and avarice is unknown to him. This gold, which he gains by labor so dangerous, the recital of which would appear incredible, he foolishly squanders without thought or regret, for the gratification of his least caprice. Offer to a Gambusino in distress, a million of money, on condition he abandons his profession, and he will refuse you without hesitation.'

'Do you then work for glory?'

'Glory! what do we care for so senseless a word? Why does the bird *Uaco* fight the serpent? Why do the most part of animals have certain dislikes and certain sympathies which are not explicable? There is no cause for it! It is even so with the Gambusino. What is that invincible power that ever drives him into the midst of deserts? Whence comes that burning thirst for gold, which consumes him and which the possession of riches cannot quench? No one can tell! We obey an inevitable destiny, an instinct stronger than our will.'

You just cited to me the *placer* of *Nabogame*,' continued Quirino, becoming more animated as he proceeded. 'Well! even that I discovered! You cannot have forgotten, although it is nearly twelve years since, the great excitement produced by the wonderful news that the sands of the province of Sonora-y-Cinaloa, contained an ocean of gold! By what means my secret was discovered, I do not know, but it has ever been so. Yet that *placer* of *Nabogame*, contained by far greater riches than ever the *placer* of the Sacramento can afford to the rapacity of the Americans! In less than three months, more than 20,000 people, eager and full of hope, crowding there, made the desert a witness to their foolish joys and furious passions. Some enriched in a single day, and by only one discovery, fell under the knife of an unknown and mysterious assassin; others, miserable and in distress, through the want of a little water to moisten their inflamed and parched throats, or in want of a little food to sustain their enfeebled frames, died within a few steps of a great lump of gold, whose discovery would have sufficiently enriched them. As to myself, in appearance, a cool spectator, of all these joys and griefs, I suffered—oh! as it is not intended man should suffer! An ardent lover, who should see his adored mistress delivered into infamous and brutal hands, whilst he, loaded with chains, could not fly to her

assistance, only, would be able to understand the nameless grief which I felt !

Rafael Quirino, deeply affected, ceased for a moment.

‘Oh ! *Nabogame ! Nabogame !*’ after a little, cried he, with much effort ; ‘what frightful scenes have you witnessed ! How often have your sands, covered with the bones of animals that have perished there, through thirst, been raked over through avarice, and been wet with the blood poured forth through envy and revenge !’

‘I understand, how at *Nabogame*, avarice may have incited some wretches, Senor Quirino, but do not understand how revenge could.’

A strange smile passed over the face of the Gambusino.

‘I do not explain,’ replied he, I merely relate. Nevertheless, it is very certain, that the most suc-

cessful discoverers at *Nabogame*, almost all fell under the fatal and mysterious knife.’ ‘Indeed !’

I regarded Quirino attentively ; his countenance had again become stern, and his eyes had assumed their habitual expression of indifference, almost idiotic.

‘Are the Gambusinos in the habit of slaughtering each other ?’ I asked him, expressing in a firm voice a thought which had just entered my mind.

‘The Gambusinos,’ he replied, ‘are wicked beings, whom God seems to have charged, in his wrath, with the care of perpetuating bloody traditions ; but they do not assassinate through interest or avarice. As to these wretches, who like the *Zophilotes* (vultures) fall by thousands, upon the newly discovered *placers*, they are *rascadores* (thieves) and not Gambusinos.’

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIRTUE TRUE BEAUTY.

THE following *moreceau* of eloquence and truth, is from the pen of the “Quaker Poet.” We give it in lieu of an entomological illustration—a fashion plate, we mean—with the assurance that it will not be changed, at least, till Earth’s final December :

“ ‘Handsome is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls,’ is the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dubufe’s Eve, or that statue of Venus which enchants the world, could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good ? Be good, womanly, be gentle—generous in your sympathies, heedful of the well-being of those around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words or admiration. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given you on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace “which passeth show,” rest over it, softening and mellowing its features, just

as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

“ ‘Hold up your heads, girls,’ repeat after Primrose. Why should you not ? Every mother’s daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels. Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of northern winter, seemed the diminutive smoke-stained women of Lapland, who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kind and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the home-sick Park seemed the dark maids of Sigo, as they sung their simple songs of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had “no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn.” O ! talk of beauty as a thing to be chiseled upon marble, or wrought upon canvas—speculate as you may upon its colors and outline, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all ? The heart feels a beauty of another kind—looking through outward environments, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.”

OUR MOSAIC WORK.

MICROSCOPIC.—It was one of the beautiful and truthful sayings of an eminent naturalist, that the everlasting hills and the firm rocks, are but the relics of former life. They are indeed the alto-relievo records of things that were. The "rotten stone," composed of the crescent shields of little creatures that sported their day and died; the white chalk rocks, the catacombs of animalculæ with limbs, and pulse, and armor for defence—people, a million of which, are comfortably accommodated within a single cubic inch.

There lies upon the table before us now, a delicately glazed card, graced with the name of one of "our contributors." Little did the fair writer mistrust that it is a beautiful mosaic of moss-coral animalculæ over which her pencil so smoothly glided—that the glossy surface of the tiny parallelogram is the cemetery of thousands—that the beauty of that surface is the beauty of death.

En passant—do ladies ever study GEOLOGY? There's a catalogue—let us see: "French, Philosophy; "Paley," Painting; Worsted-work and "Worcester;" "Day" and Dancing; Geometry and"—it isn't there. And pray, why not? What is Geology after all, but the History of the World, written by itself; Time's own biography, printed and paged, collated and bound by the fingers of Omnipotence? And here it is, written down to the last sunset; not a leaf lost, not an illustration dimmed, since the "first form," Creation's recorded smile, was flung off, damp with the night, and welcomed with a starry song. Go where you will; from Erie's "record steep," whose awful flood yet chimes a perished age; from the "notched centuries" in her living rock, to the wave-worn pebbles, those notes the brooks sing by, and what are they all, but chronometers to mark time's viewless flight; to tell the age of singing streams, and when those chimes began? Turn back the leaves of this ponderous volume, ere human foot-prints soiled them, and yet how legible the record! The leaf faded by that first frost in Eden, that fluttered down to earth, lo! here each fibre of its frame in lithograph! An insect's wing is there; perhaps it trembled in the evening beam, ere tears or blood had stained the glorious page; perhaps its fellow wilted in the breath of that first sacrifice.

Here are they all, without erratum, blank or blot And what is Botany, but the beautiful *binding*, the ornate title-page of this great volume, which few fair fingers have ever assayed to open!

THE OTHER EVENING,

"While Nature made that melancholy pause,
Her breathing moment on the bridge where Time
Of light and darkness forms an arch sublime"

we were looking dreamily into the fire, (May the fifth!) thinking, not by the page, but by ourself. We had just been reading Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. It is a beautiful and truthful tribute, full warmly tinted perhaps, by the pencil of affection; an error in this world of ours, how seldom committed, and how easily pardoned! No review, it does not tell all the world, what all the world knew before; but takes us familiarly by the hand, and introduces us, not to the poet as the public admired him, but to the man as the few loved him, gives us all those little glimpses that so reveal the mechanism of the heart, and when we rise from the perusal of the volumes, we feel that we know something of the man as he was; was? as he is, in his nobler and purer nature, freed from the trammels of time, his own first song of Hope changed to the "jubilate Deo" of the blest. "The pleasing hope," remarks his biographer, "of being remembered, cherished, imitated, when dust returned to dust, was always soothing to the mind of Campbell." And so *he* loved fame: the amber that Hope distills around the fluttering, struggling heart, even ere it beats itself out; that embalms it till the days to come, when clasped, a sacred relic to many a bosom, it shall almost catch the throb, and be warmed anew into the semblance of life, and the unforgotten name be breathed, while lives the language of his land.

Fame, posthumous fame; the after-breath of noble thought and deed, is precious as the life prolonged, for which it is but another name. The command went forth, and the winds heard, and the sea, "thus far, no farther shalt thou come," and the conscious waves lay their crests in sign of fealty, on the sounding shore, to-day. The boundary of four-score, attained, beneath the "Almond's" snowy bloom, man trembling, bows upon the bosom of his mother earth, obeys and dies. But to the life we write of now, no such

mandate has been proclaimed. They, whose legendary forms have faded from the lidless eye of Time, yet "live along the line" of power and beauty, that they breathed, ere type had clicked within the printer's stick; the footfalls of commissioned thought to all the world:

"And they—those ancient ones,
Whose hoary locks did sweep the feet of Deity"—

their voices still, from the gray silence of the ages past, ring through the present with prophetic tone, on to the cradled age to come. And wondrous thoughts float round us now on wings of wondrous words, when e'en the lips that shaped them into air, are a problem yet unsolved. Spoke they the language of the elder Greek? Which of the "seven cities" did they call their own? And they are living on, though the pinions of time have fanned their monuments to dust!

We all cherish the thought that we shall be remembered; that we shall not be dead to others when we cease to live; that dumb Forgetfulness—how expressive the Poet's word! will not fling over our memories, the "chain of silence;" we can all name some, here and there, in whose surviving thoughts, *our* thoughts, *ourselves*, would gladly live, and this granted, this foreseen, who could not bid the world "good night," not like a wearied child, that sobs itself to sleep, but with one manly tear, set like a jewel in the parting smile? Almanacs of waning moons and melting snows, are but poor contrivances after all, to measure earthly being. It is not all of life to live; deeds and not days are its true record, for of a truth, "time is not of years."

Well, it has "turned out a sermon," and now for a bit of a "song." With the one or two things that have been laid upon the top of our heart, since we chatted with you last, is one, of which, although not designed for the great eye of the public, but one of the diminutive "T's" of the Magazine, we will venture a word just above a breath. Who in all the land, from Maine's green coronal to the far savannas of mimic snow, has not heard the words of that sweet hymn,

"I love to steal, awhile away
From every cumbering care,"

rising on the spring-tide of blended heart and harmony, through the hush of many a Sabbath evening?

From how many hearths, aye, from how many hearts, has it gone heavenward! If you and I could don the cap of the fairy, now, and fame, literary fame, were the word, and we had time to think on into the future, what sweeter breath of memory *could* we wish, than to be the melodious

voice of hearts "lovely as the day;" to live on in pure and simple song; to be the author of something that would be thought of, when they thought of home, and happiness, and heaven? Such fame has the venerable authoress of the lines we quoted—Mrs. P. H. Brown. Her three score years and ten, alas! are already attained; she cannot survive her songs; then why "alas!" With an eye undimmed, and a heart unchilled, she yet strikes with a trembling hand the harp young fingers, swept "long, long ago." And this too, without the means for education which are now lavished upon so many, and upon so many in vain, the unrehearsed music of nature. In a communication to us a few days since, she makes a touching allusion to the lost power of waking the echo in the heart:

"Seventy years of toil and pain,
Have rent those thrilling chords in twain."

That she has wrongly judged, that she still looks upon nature with a quick and loving eye, the following lines attest—an extract from a little poem written in February last, while on a visit to this city, entitled, *Wintry Phases of Lake Michigan*:

How beautiful the scene to-night,
How brightly beams the lovely moon,
And all the glorious stars unite
To shed their richest splendor down
On Michigan's majestic lake—
Whose waves with never ceasing swell,
Their undulating circuits take,
Nor pause their mysteries to tell.
O, I have loved to linger, where
My eye could watch from day to day,
The ever varying forms they wear.
Thou wild and restless mimic sea—
How graceful now those snowy clouds
That far-off on thy bosom sleep;
What spell can bind those misty shrouds,
And hang them there, upon the deep?
While close along the ice-gemm'd shore,
Beneath the bright and burnished sky,
The glitt'ring waves, with dash and roar,
Send up their silver foam on high—
When the dark spirit of the storm
Pours all its wrath upon thy breast—
O! what sublimity of form,
These proudly rolling waves invest.
The crested surges rock the shore
With their terrific toss and swell;
I tremble at the wintry roar,
Yet love the fearful music well.

A BOOK ON TWO.—A book should have something *human* about it; a good book has. Something that makes you feel it is not altogether a contrivance of rags, ink and the printers; a trestle whereon other people extend the lifeless children of their brains, to be looked at by the pub-

lie; not merely a thought recorder, but a thought *maker*, drawing you out to think too; not telling you all it knows at one interview; not passed at "the third reading;" that somehow you come to regard as a creature like yourself; then a creature that you like, a companion, a friend. Such a book once found, and you have a vademecum, a go-with-me for life, that can be trusted in your pocket without picking it, in your heart without harming it, in your brain without addling it. There are such books, but they are few; in its two-fold sense, "a precious few." Among books as among men, there are "sight" acquaintance, bowing acquaintance and speaking acquaintance; shaking-hands acquaintance, and right-loving bosom friends. Let a man count up his friends—friends twenty-five carats fine, which is one part finer than all gold, and then number the books to match them, and if there is a volume to a friend, he is passing rich.

The "caveat" issued by the old Roman, long ago, regarding the man of one book, derives its significance from the truth just hinted at. A volume read until understood, and read until admired; read until learned by heart, and read until one utterly forgets that he *ever* read it, and thinks it out anew, and thinks for himself, and wakes up "some morning—*famous*"—this is the process whereby the great journeyman in all time, have served their apprenticeship to the thinking craft.

The true secret of literary success consists in knowing how to *listen* well. A man that is too proud to bow his head upon his breast sometimes, or too indolent to be in earnest always, can never hear the beat of his own heart, which is nothing less than the key-note of the only tune that will reach the heart of all the world. Even amid the ceaseless din and jar of Earth's great overture, one can catch this note, like the music and the light of a dove's white wing in a stormy heaven, if he has only learned to listen. And if not there, let him go away by himself, where he can hear the pulses of Nature's bosom and his own, and when he writes them down "in score" and gives them to the world, they wonder at the magic of the man, who thus from out the loneliness can syllable their thoughts.

Let him do that, and his name and fame are made forever and a day; and yet he has only told them what they knew before, but thought not worth the telling: he has listened well. How often have you read the production of somebody, and felt while you read, that you could have written it all yourself, and wondered why you never

happened to think of it; felt too, that it had been nearer his bosom than the point of the pen; somehow as if he had taken the fair white sheet, and pressed it to his heart a moment, and when he took it away, lo! a legible transcript, a sort of stray leaf as it were, and that you could do the same thing with the unwritten side, if you would. Why didn't you?

Of this description, are passages of Willis' dedicatory letter to his daughter, accompanying his early and exquisite limnings recently collected in one volume. Here is one now—how simple and how beautiful the illustration. He is contrasting the graceful thoughts that spring up in the free heart and mind, as if quickened by the breath that the flowers obey, with the forced tillage of the literary laborer who toils for bread amid walls of brick and stone:

This five years' oasis of country existence gave shape and force to another sentiment that has always struggled within me, and (fancy-pricing of my salable commodities though it seem,) I will venture to men loan it—for, in imagining you as reading this volume, by and by, it is a view of myself that I like to think may grow out of the perusal. I scarce know how to express it, however; for, sure as I am, of conveying the feeling of every man who has ever parcelled his free thoughts into "goods and groceries," it is difficult to phrase without misconveyance of meaning. If you have ever seen a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession. How much, and what quality, of an author, I might have been, from choice, the tone of these Letters, I mean to say, very nearly expresses. I do not intend any comparative disparagement of what I have written upon compulsion. The hot need, through the eye of the goldfinch betters his singing, they say. Only separate, if with this hint you can, what I have done as mental toil, from what I might have written had I been a thought-free farmer, with books, country leisure, and liberty to pick, with the perspective bettering of second thought, from the brain's many-mooded vagaries.

Can you ever see a field of broom-corn "sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling," and not think how eloquent of a melancholy truth have been its articulate rustlings?

Nor Lost.—Did it ever occur to you that it takes Omnipotence all of a long Summer's day to make a dew-drop? That the breath of "earliest birds," and the aroma of flowers, and the sigh of the sorrowing, float round us invisible in

the bright air? That, distilled in night's starry alembic, they are the stuff the *deus* are made of? That the notes of day's great anthem are nothing but tears? A beautiful lesson, and worthy of a God. That for every breath of bitterness there must be somewhere a tear—that for every sigh, there is somewhere a record—that for every word of kindness, there is somewhere a lodgment. Will not some fair correspondent give us the music of the thought? Meanwhile here's a stave of our own:

The breath of the leaves and the lyrics of dawn,
Were floating away in the air;
The brooks and the birds were all singing aloud;
The violets looking a prayer,
With eyes, that upturned so tearful and true,
Like Mary's of old, when forgiven,
Had caught the reflection and mirrored it there,
As bright and as meiting as Heaven.
The silvery mist of the red robin's song,
Slow swung in her wind-wavered nest—
The billows that swell from the forests of June,
Almost to the blue of the Bliet—
"The bells" that are rung by the breath of the breeze
And "toll their perfume" as they swing—
The brooks that are trolling a tune of their own,
And dance to whatever they sing—
The groan of the wretched, the laugh of the glad,
Are blent with the breath of a prayer—
The sigh of the dying, the whisper of love—
A vow that was broken, are there!
There dimly they float 'mid the ripe, golden hours,
Along the bright trellis of air—
The smothered good-bye, and the whisper of love,
The ban and the blessing are there!
Cool fingers are weaving the curtains again,
Whose wooing is netted with stars,
The tremulous woods on the verge of the world,
Just bending beneath the blue spars,
Are valenced with crimson and welted with gold.
Where now are the vesper and vow—
Those spirit-like breathings of sadness and song,
That brought not a cloud o'er the brow,
Bedimmed not a beam of the bright summer morn?
Not wafted away, for the Aspen is still—
Not fled on the wings of the hours—
Not hiding the heaven—lo! the stars in the clear—
Not perished, but here on the flowers—
Those smiles of Divinity lighting the world,
Whose breath is forever a prayer, [out fear—
Who "blush without sinning," and blanch with—
Oh! where should they be, if not there?

THE HAND.—Were we required to define man—to distinguish him in a single phrase, from the myriad life that renders instinct the firm earth and the invisible air, we should not call him an intellect, but THE BEING WITH THE HAND—the mind-directed hand, and the definition would be done. Were the globe depopulated to-day, and were an angel commissioned to-morrow, to seek

the evidences that man had once existed—the proofs of his power—the sign-manual of his supremacy, he would not look for them in the geological remains that strewed the earth; he would not listen for their echo in the air that once trembled with the eloquence of words; he would not find them in the volume of the poet, the records of the jurist, or the legacy of the philosopher but he would seek them in the capitulation of conquered and cultivated nature; nature redeemed from the desert; the desert smiling as the rose; in the trained elements; in the earth rendering in tribute the gold of the harvest, and the gold of the mine; in the sail all swelling with the captive winds; in the waters taught to turn the dizzy wheel, or tortured into strength, propelling the plunging shaft; in the lightnings wild and warm from heaven, yet harmless as the flame that wreathed the brow of Virgil's Hero, playing courier to old Time, lending winds to the springing thought, and thrilling the telegraphic nerve from clime to clime. In a word, he would seek them in the mind's mastery over matter, achieved through the agency of its companion and minister, the Human Hand.

The Hand! that master-piece of workmanship, with capacities that six thousand years have failed to develope; an instrument that can make the canvas live, and grasp the tiller in the storm; that can coil the chain of the most delicate chronometer, and forge the links of the "best bowler;" that can *feel* the note upon the quivering string its owner cannot hear, and *touch* the tint, he has no eyes to see; that hand, sole dower he can call his own, and yet the means wherewith he is to span the belted globe, weigh its mountains and touch the stars; seize the conception of the poet, the thought of angel-form, and like the prophet, wrestle with the vision, stay its flight, imprison it in the Parian marble, and the statue that only waits the whisper of Omnipotence to breathe, death without its moulder, life without its motion, stands up in the day. The frosty breath of Labrador chilled his pulse; the fierce noon of the glowing Line, filled his veins with fever. The mine was delved, the ore brought out to light; the furnace glowed; the hammer and the axe were wrought; the shelter was reared and roofed; the shuttle darted with its thread of warmth and beauty through the loom, and man bravely breasts the winter's storm, and defies the suns of the Tropic. Time *stained* that garment and left upon that dwelling its livery of gray. He dipped the warp in the dyes of Tyre; he

wrong from the silent earth the secret, and wall, and column, and tower are arrayed in white. The lightnings smote the battlements of his strong towers, and they vanished. With the electric rod, he fixed bayonet, and the agent of the fiery wing fluttered harmlessly to his feet. Mountain and stream separated him from his brother; he bridged the one and tunneled the other. Old Ocean poured round his island home its melancholy waste. He buffeted its drowning waters with lusty sinews; his wake is on the deep, his cloud on the sky; the ship rides upon the waves like a bird, and shakes the spray from its bows like a giant. Distance stretched away with plain and hill and vale, but he polished the shaft, adjusted the wheel, kindled the fire; hark! how he thunders on the iron way. Time and space stayed the communication of his thought; he called from their cloudy caves the thunder-driven, chained them with a slender wire, entrusted them with the commission, and sent them on their viewless way. The globe's broad zone is dwindled to a line, and at the word of this Joshua, time itself stands still. And the hand—the mind-directed hand, has done all this.

"DARKLY BOUND."—Many times, events seem to occur in concert, as by some secret sympathy, when the most delicate analysis cannot detect the thread that binds them. Such instances by the incredulous are regarded as fictions, while they serve to confirm the wild belief of the superstitious, and strengthen their faith in the literal truth of the poet's line: "Spirits walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep." However this may be, we are inclined to suspect that if angels ever "make or meddle" with the concerns of us poor mortals, it is when we least mis-

trust it, and in matters, which in our "feeble ray" would seem beneath an angel's care.

A while since, it was our good fortune to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of learning, liberal views, and a mind untinctured in the slightest degree with a belief in the "Supernatural." Moreover he was not "unequally yoked;" his fair companion was altogether worthy of him, and they were the last persons in the world that one would suspect of superstition. They were blessed with a little daughter as fair and fragile as a lily, and soon after its birth, a kind friend presented the mother with some rare flower, we do not now recollect what, and they, the daughter and the exotic, shared the attention of the happy mother. Both flourished and grew wonderfully. At last the little girl sickened; the plant drooped too; the former died; the latter withered and perished down to the earth in the vase that held it. Neither the dew of heaven, nor the tears of the fair mourner could awaken the slumbering life in that root; and yet there stood the vase, as it had in happier days, and still did the bereaved cherish the very dust it contained, with a strange but not an unaccountable affection. Time fled along; tears were followed by smiles. Another child claimed room in the stricken heart, and the mother was blest again. Strange to say, that flower parted the dry earth in the vase, and sprang up to newness of life and beauty; the mysterious sympathy between the infant and the flower seemed strong as ever. With what interest each 'e if and bud was watched, we leave to others to imagine, for it cannot be told in words. Somebody says that flowers are the smiles of Deity. In olden times, *that* flower would have been worshipped as a very God.

THE DEAD FLOWERET.

I strayed when the evening queen shone bright,
And the grass was dripping with dew,
Afair in the moonbeam's mystic light,
That marked where a floweret grew.
And a sweet perfume the blossom flung,
On the sportive zephyr's play—
Enchanted above it a night-bird hung,
While she warbled her joyous lay.
I walked again when Autumn had shone,
And I looked for my blossom fair—
Its beauty had fled—each leaflet was gone,
And its dirge was the sighing air.

I wandered away to a milder clime,
Where the birds sang and the air—
Where night ne'er came, nor the winter time—
And the flower—it was blooming *there*!
Oh! ye who have hung o'er the early grave
Of a life that had dawned to die,
Why weep, for the same kind hand that gave,
Has borne it away to the sky.
No more shall it fear the Autumn's blight,
Nor dread the cold dews of even—
Look aloft to the gardens of glorious light,
There's an angel more in Heaven!

ANNA.

SYMPATHY.

BY CAROLINE GLEASON.

How many now are weary of this life,
Whose hearts once beat with gladness, thro' whose
veins

The warm blood bounded with a thrill of joy,
Whose very sense of being was a bliss
Too wild for words. The free and bounding step,
That trod the earth as if upborne on air,
Hath lost its lightness now, for joy hath fled.
Hearts that were strung like the Eolian lyre,
To echo back the unimagined bliss,
Of every wandering wind that swept the strings,
Are now unstrung; or ruder winds perchance
Wake but the tones of agony and strife.

And wherefore is this change? why should the eye
Turn wearily away from the best light of day,
While yet the rosy sunrise hues are lingering
In the clear morning sky? Why do we e'er
Awakening from a night of still repose,
Look with sickening spirit on the light
That calls us back to life; and yearn again
To draw the curtains of oblivious sleep
Between us and this world—to sleep again
And wake no more forever? Whence the change?

The frost of self, has frozen at the fount
The gushing springs of human sympathy.
Man does not look upon his brother man
With kindness and love; he does not feel
For sorrows not his own. The careless eye
Looketh undimmed upon another's tears:
And the cold heart, beats on with measured throb,
While kindred hearts are breaking. It is this
That dims the brightness of the sparkling eye,
And stills the music of the ringing laugh,
And changes the elastic tread of youth,
To the slow, anxious, weary step of care.

Finding this world so wondrous beautiful,
The soul rejoiceth in its earthly home;
And in the freshness of its early years,
Thinketh to find in every human breast
A kindred heart—but the change cometh soon.
The golden and the rosy hues of hope,
Fade ever early, in life's morning sky.
But, oh how oft the dark and gloomy cloud
Dimmeth the glory of the rising sun!
Meeting suspicion where it giveth trust,
Youth finds the calm cold eye of scrutiny,
Fixed on its artlessness—each careless word
Weighed in a balance; and the joy of heart,
That maketh life alone so blest a thing,
Deemed by the world's cold wisdom, thoughtless-
ness.

Distrust returned for generous confidence;
Its keenest sympathy for other's woe,
Met in its turn by blank indifference:
And each warm impulse of the heart, mistaken

For the cold policy of pre-conceived
And meditated purpose.

Every heart,
Feeleth the want of gentle sympathy
In its own sorrows, though it giveth not
That tribute to the woes that others feel.
He, who in wild and thoughtless gaiety,
Heedlessly heightens woe he should assuage,
In his own sorrow, asketh love and tears.
He, who secure in utter heartlessness,
Boasteth himself superior to the ills
Who a crushing weight has bowed down nobler
hearts,
And looketh with the taunting smile of scorn
On the hot tears of anguish—even he,
In woes he feels or fancies, will demand
As a due tribute to his wounded pride,
That priceless boon, which he denied to one,
Unto whose sad and over-burdened heart,
It had perchance brought peace and happiness.

Oh seal not up the precious fount of feeling!
But pour the bright and gladdening waters forth
Upon the thirsty earth; for sympathy
Is to the life and freshness of our hearts,
As is the dew-drop to the delicate flower.
It matters little, with what outward ills
It may be ours to struggle, if we find
That sympathy for which our spirits yearn
Though toil and suffering may bow the frame,
And dim the lustre of the beaming eye,
The ray of gladness lighting up our hearts
May still remain undimmed; the inner life
Casting its brightness on the outward world,
Rendering that a blessing, which were else
Only a burden to the weary heart.
There may be sorrows that we may not shun,
Strifes where we may not conquer, and deep woe,
Whose burden we may never lay aside,
But must bear on through life; yet, still the soul
Will gather strength and courage from the love
That feels with it in all things; and will bear
Its hopeless sorrow with a lighter heart,
Feeling that life hath yet one priceless joy
That will endure through life.

Pour out thy tears
On living woes, that torture living hearts;
Nor think the tribute of affection paid
Above the coffin'd dead. They do not need
The tears of earth, who are of earth no more.
Oh, were the burning tears of agony
That fall upon the cold and senseless clay,
Distilled like dew upon the aching hearts
That now lie pulseless in the silent grave!
How many noble spirits now were with us,
Whom cold unkindness banished from the world!

EXCERPTA.

HERE is a passage from Lamartine's new work, that is just now making a *sensation* among the Literati of the gay capital :

The life of man only begins with feeling and thought. Until then, man is a being, he is not even a child. The tree no doubt begins at its roots, but those roots, like our instincts, are never destined to be revealed to light. Nature intentionally hides them, for therein lies her secret. To our eyes the tree begins only at the moment when it shoots from the earth and shows itself with its trunk, its bark, its limbs, its leaves, for the wood, the shade, or the fruit it has to bear. Thus it is with man.

Again, he speaks of his mother, and her method of education. Our readers will agree with us that it is a beautiful picture :

My education was wholly formed in my mother's more or less unclouded glance, in her more or less open smile. The reins of my heart were in her heart. She only asked me to be true and good. It cost me no trouble to obey her. My father gave me the example of scrupulous sincerity ; my mother, of a goodness that was carried to heroic devotedness. As my soul inhaled nought but goodness, it could produce nought else. I never had to contend with self, or with another. Every thing attracted, nothing constrained me. The little that was taught me was offered to me as a reward. My only teachers were my father and mother. I saw them read and I wished to read ; I saw them write, and I asked them to help me to form letters. All this was done playfully, during leisure moments, on their knees, in the garden, by the fireside in the parlor, with smiles, jokes, caresses. I took a liking to it ; I provoked the short and amusing lessons of my own accord. I learned every thing in this way, somewhat tardily, it is true, but without ever knowing how I attained knowledge, and without ever seeing a frown put on to compel me to study. I was advancing without being conscious of my own progress. My mind, always in communication with my mother's, was developing itself, so to speak, in hers.

It was in my mother's soul especially that I sought for nurture ; I read through her eyes, I

felt through her feelings, I loved through her love. She *translated* every thing for me—nature, sentiment, sensations, thoughts. Without her aid I would not have known how to spell in the book of creation which was open before my eyes ; but she directed my finger and placed it on every thing. Her soul was so rich in brilliancy, color, and warmth, that it illuminated and heated every thing it approached. In a word, the imperceptible instruction whice I was receiving was not a lesson ; it was the very action of life, thought and feeling, performed under her eyes, with her, through her, and as she herself performed it. We were living a double life. It was thus that my heart formed itself within me on a model, at which it was not even necessary that I should look, so completely was it commingled with my heart.

My mother troubled herself but little about what is called instruction ; she did not aspire to make me a "forward child for his age." She did not provoke me to that emulation which is but the jealousy of childish pride. She never had me compared to any one ; she never exalted or humiliated me by such dangerous comparisons. She rightly thought that after my intellectual strength had been developed by time and health of body and mind, I would learn as easily as any other, that modicum of Greek, Latin and figures, which constitutes that learned common-place which is called an education. Her wish was to make me a happy child, a sound mind, a loving soul ; a creature of God, and not one of man's dolls. She had drawn her ideas about education in the first place from her own soul.

As to my feelings and thoughts, my mother followed their natural development in me, and directed it without my perceiving it, and perhaps without perceiving it herself. Her system was not art, it was love. That is the reason why it was infallible. She especially took the greatest care to turn my thoughts incessantly towards God, and to make those thoughts so vivid by the constant presence and feeling of God in my soul, that my religion became a pleasure, and my faith a communion with the Invisible. It was impossible for her to fail, for her piety, like all her other virtues, had the nature of tenderness.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN!—those little stray candidates for "the kingdom of Heaven!" Are boys and girls ever children now-a-days, after they get into the "teens?" No? Well then, with pen newly nibb'd, to begin again: our compliments to the four hundred young ladies and gentlemen connected—that's it—they don't "go to school!" as they used to—with "districts one and two," in this city, who gave us, "all and singular," an invitation to be "presented at court!"—to that fairest of all queens, "the Queen of May." An awkward dilemma, *wasn't* it, for a bashful man? A Grand-Jury presentment might have had less than half the eclat, but more than twice the quiet.

The moon of flowers—as the Chippeways say—has arrived, in cloak and tippet, and the children, those blooming perennials, have been celebrating her arrival, and honoring her with a queen.

May they all—maids of honor, fairies and sylphs, live to be queens themselves, of happy hearts—a brace of them—and homes of their own. Women *will* rule, the year through, and the world over—he is a bold man who dare rebel—and though they cannot always be May queens, they may be queens that shall make life's cold December "as pleasant as May."

THE ENGRAVING, though a little late, in truth "the last run"—is confessedly a sweet thing, conjuring up as it will, the sweetest of all early reminiscences—those of the "Sugar Bush." Just a snug little party, all so care-free and happy, except that the pensive girl by the tree doesn't seem quite at home; whether her thoughts are roving, or there is something wrong in the by-play in the corner, or she has no beau, we do not exactly know, but then, there is a fine subject for sympathy, if one could only find out what to be sorry about. That sensible old gentleman in the distance, remembers that he was young once, and keeps discreetly about his business. And the unfortunate young creature near the kettle, who has but one hand and no heart of her own—we have been watching that bright face of hers for the last three minutes, expecting every instant to see her laugh, but don't waste your time that way—she is too *happy* for that. And there, that tete a tete in the corner, and that lad on the log, with no more sentiment than a sap-trough, yet trying with open mouth to catch the drift of their conversation—poor fellow! he little dreams that wiser heads than his couldn't do it—is it not all life like? Doesn't it "carry you back" to olden times? Even the central figure, in the abbreviated toga, so busily engaged in his philosophical test, sustains no unimportant part in the play or the poetry of the scene, no matter which, for they are both one.

Childhood is, after all, barring the *poetry* of the comparison, very much like a sap-bush. When to live is to love, and the young life begins to start, and the bright promise of Summer is yet folded, just frost enough to make sugar—not sun enough to make vinegar, how sweet, and how like childhood it is! And then, when

June comes on, and the affections, that broad foliage of our being, catching the breath of Heaven, make music in the world's wilderness, how beautiful, and how like womanhood it is! And then, when that foliage is shaken by the blast, or striven by the tempest, and the frosts that chill what the earlier ones had quickened, and the hectic flush of Autumn come, and "desire falls," and the withered leaves flutter down one by one, and the naked arms are flung up in wild and plaintive orison to Heaven, how sad, and how like age it is indeed. Lack-a-day! Years wear on apace with us all!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has written some things that ring like a clarion. Occasionally he takes a hack of a thought that has limped on three prosaic shoes about the world's broad common for the last twenty years, and at the word—*presto*! it moves off in a regular Canterbury gallop. Here is a "sign," as they say at the South, of a little thing that has been curvetting about for a while past, but we earnestly assure our lady readers that we don't believe more than half of it:

"Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,
On the banks of the Nile.

Where are the Mary's, and Anna's, and Eliza's,
Loving and lovely of yore?
Look in the columns of old advertisers—
Married and dead by the score."

Apropos to galloping: we chew Latin; when we have expressed a thought so far that muscular Saxon gives out, we cannot find it in our heart to disturb the classic repose of a "dead language," and consequently relinquish the "contract." But that line by Virgil—an asthmatic individual who couldn't speak English, "never tires." Eton boys have scanned, Grammarians quoted it; now under the burden of many a dull critique from St. Giles to St. James; and now carrying the weight of phlegmatic annotations—yet here it is, with as free a step as when its musical footfalls were fresh upon the waxen tablet:

"Quadrupedante pulchrum sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Were *all* Latin as intelligible, Ainsworth and Leverett would be at a discount.

ARAB—capricious thing!—has laughed, wept, frowned, frolicked, "made faces," had a beau, threatened to leave, and finally gone. *Intransitu*—that's the way of the world—the poets and poets have struck up the praises of her sister May. For the former, considering their camp lodgings, they are "an excellent voice," the Greek, not so decidedly *ionic* perhaps, as when Homer played reporter to their concert—"brekekek—koax—koax." Even this we speak with deference; we do not

forget that they sang though the reigns of thirty Pharaohs, and all the rains since, nor the tute'ar vengeance that ex'ied their Jewelled—vide Shakespeare—cousins from the land of the Shamrock. But for some of the poets laureate to marie May, we know not whether to smile or sigh—to regard them as a troop from some Hotel des Invalides of the Muses, who have thus limped forth with most anomalous gait to pay their addresses to the new incumbent, or as the callow victims of their over-partial grandmothers.

Here is one now, that has been thrice consigned to the tombs of the Capu ets, and thrice has it come forth to "waik" its 'customed rounds. Here is a line:

"Oh! sky and sward is green."

The Grammar has groundd at the overslangh, and thrown over a "number."

"On the mountain top, or in lone wood glen,
A spirit of beauty o'er all is spread."

Now we beg leave to assure the writer, upon the authority of two Apothecaries, that their books make mention of no such plaster. "Advice gratis," (the last market quotation of the article)—revise it carefully—copy it fairly—write upon one side of the sheet only, and then—burn it.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA IN 1848: By J. Quinn Thornton, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon; Harper & Brothers.

These two volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, have been laid upon our table by the Messrs BUNLEY. For the typographical execution and illustrations, the names of the publishers are a sufficient guarantee—for the credibility of the contents, that of the author.

They embody a considerable amount of valuable information relative to that upper section of the nineteenth century's great hour glass, whence the golden sands are just now running, like a summer shower, into the laps and imaginations of all Christendom.

One, however, not haunted by a "gold devil," may find much interest and some profit in these volumes—more indeed, than in any one work we have perused upon the same subject. Occasionally we encountered passages that reminded us of the iron bedstead of that old tyrant, Procrustes, to which he was accustomed to "warrant a fit," either by abbreviating the patient or stretching him. We will acquit Judge Thornton of the former offence, and only regret that he knew exactly how many pages there were in the first volume, before he had completed the second; but matched books, like matched horses, we suppose, are very desirable. We pardon much of the evident "chinking," as they say of log cabins, to the many passages of graphic, and not unfrequently touching description, not strictly essential to the main facts and figures that interest the work.

All remember the chill of horror with which the accounts of the disastrous expedition among the mountains in 1846, were received throughout the land; details of suffering beneath which Credulity herself staggered, that distended the wildest imaginings, and appalled the stoutest heart. But there was one incident

in the midst of that spectral gloom, upon which our thoughts tarried with a strange and melancholy interest. Poor Denton! An intelligent and amiable young man, who for some years resided at the capitol of this State, had sunk down amid the terrible snows of the great Sierra Nevada, to die. A relief-party found him with his head bowed upon his breast, a little journal and a slip of paper beside him, on which were pencilled a few lines, evidently written as the shadows of death were closing in around him. How busy must have been that memory then! How many images of beauty that never more his eyes might see, must have bent over him there in that last, lone hour!

It was a beautiful fancy of the nations of the East, that the spirit of the dying ever returned to the home of his childhood, ere it fled, no matter how far he might have wandered, nor in what land he might have wept—as if thence, from that spot of earth nearest heaven, the soul might make a speedier flight to the regions of the blest. And so it was now—for there, far away, alone, in the midst of winter that froze the tear of Mercy in its fountain, he wrote the subjoined lines. Alone? Ah! no, forms were round him there, that went not with him 'mid those mountain tombs:

"O! after many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
Back to the dwelling-place of youth—
Our first and dearest home:—
To turn away our wearied eyes
From proud Ambition's towers,
And wander in those summer fields—
The scene of boyhood's hours.

"But I am changed since last I gazed
Upon that tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch-elm,
That shades the village green;
And watched my boat upon the brook—
It was a regal galley,
And sighed not for a joy on earth,
Beyond the happy valley.

"I wish I could once more recall
That bright and blissful joy,
And summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy.
But now on scenes of past delight
I look, and feel no pleasure,
As misers on the bed of death
Gaze coldly on their treasure."

APOLOGETIC.—We are late this month—there's the confession; we regret it—there's the penitence; we have been moving, and there's the extenuation. Moving a printing office, like the migration of "Birmingham Wood," is mystery to the million, and caveat to the craft. It as nearly resembles the transportation of a brick house, a brick at a time, as anything we can think of just now. This being our first effort in apologetic literature, you will excuse the poetry of the comparison. We plead guilty, with a recommendation "to me cy." Granted? Here are our bonds then for an early and regular "appearance" hereafter.



